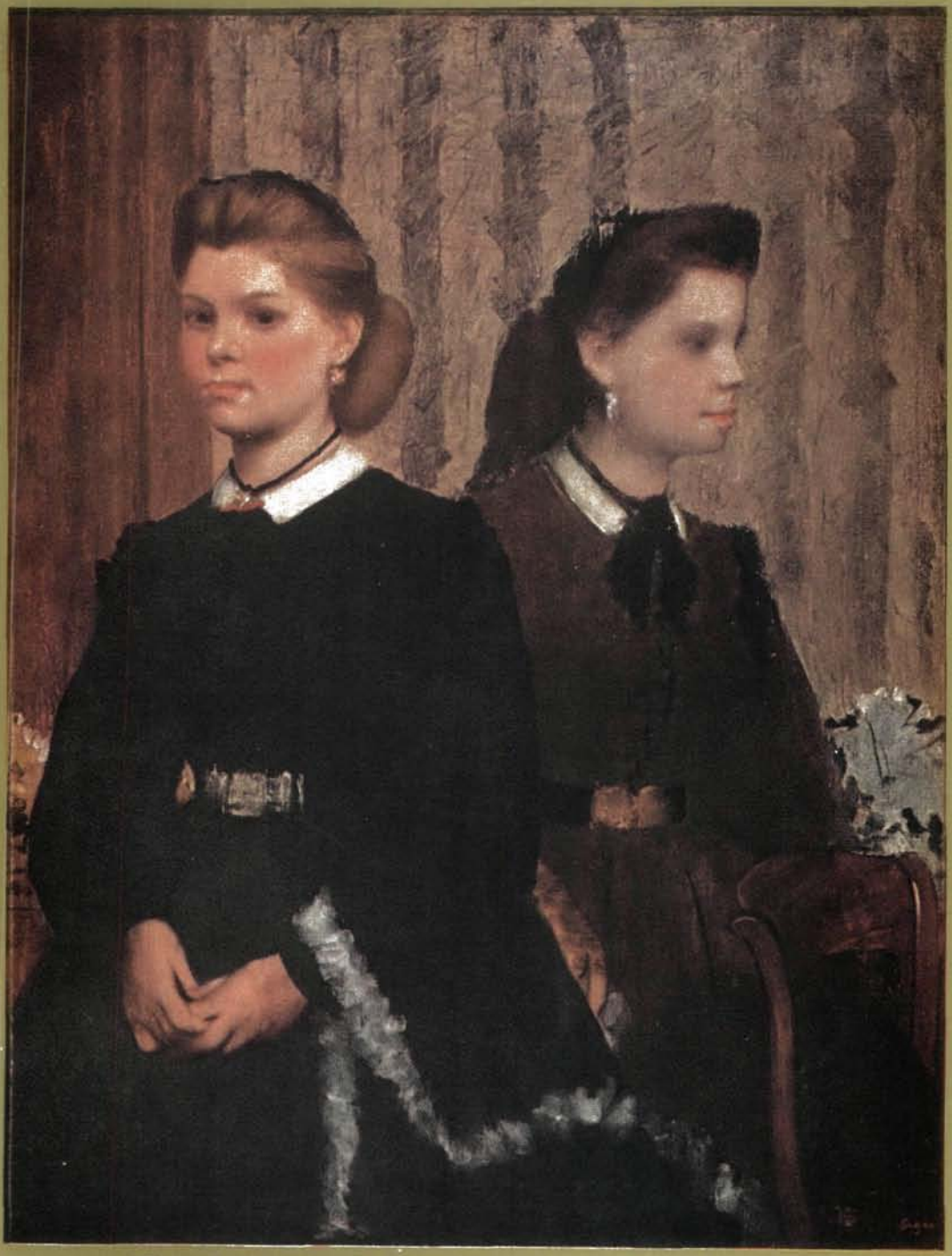
BEHIND THE SELMA MARCH, By Martin Luther King, Jr.

Saturday Review

April 3, 1965 25¢



"The Bellelli Sisters," by Edgar Hilaire Germain Degas (See Art).

SR220330 386-335
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LOS ANGELES: SALUTE TO A NEW MUSEUM

By Katharine Kuh

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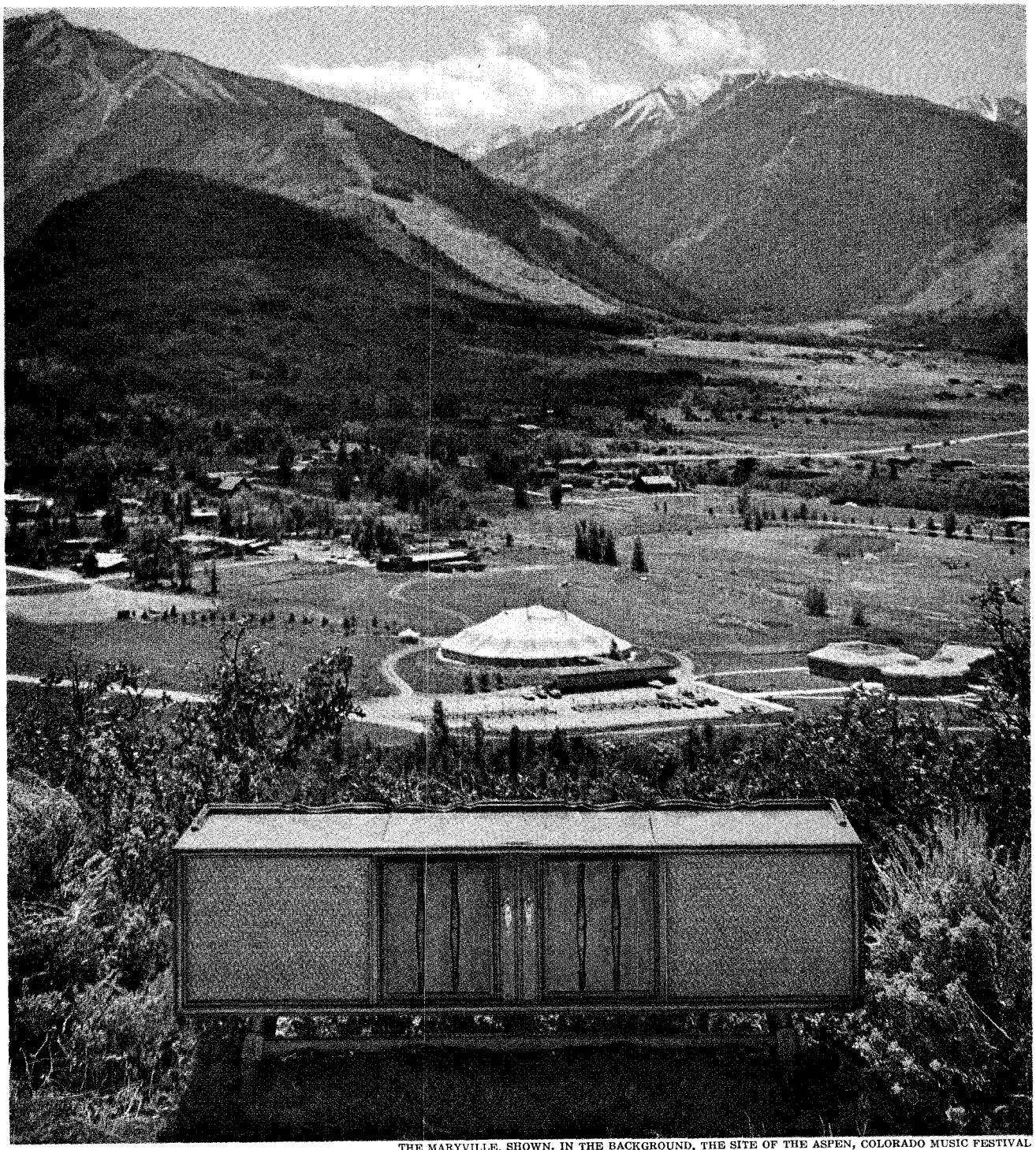
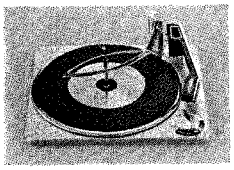
SEE WALT DISNEY'S "WONDERFUL WORLD OF COLOR," SUNDAYS, NBC-TV NETWORK



THE MARYVILLE, SHOWN. IN THE BACKGROUND, THE SITE OF THE ASPEN, COLORADO MUSIC FESTIVAL

RCA Victor Stereo...realism that rivals the concert hall



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When you find out what television has to offer this month, you'll probably view things differently.

Bach Cantata No. 199
Swiss soprano Maria Stader sings Bach's last cantata. Alfredo Antonini conducts.
Sunday, April 4 (10-10:30 AM)

The Twentieth Century
Isaac Stern; Norman Thomas; The Supersonic Jet Race; Invasion of Sicily.
Sundays, April 4, 11, 18, 25 (6-6:30 PM)

Profiles in Courage
Grover Cleveland; John Quincy Adams; John Marshall; Benjamin Barr Lindsey.
Sundays, April 4, 11, 18, 25 (6:30-7:30 PM)

The General
A study of the career and personal life of Douglas MacArthur. Van Heflin, host-narrator.
Sunday, April 4 (7:30-8:30 PM)

The "Oscar" Award Presentations
From Santa Monica Civic Auditorium with Bob Hope, master of ceremonies.
"Oscar" copyright AMPAS
Monday, April 5 (10 PM-conclusion)

White Paper: Terror in the Streets
Examines crimes of violence in this country, and the public attitude.
Tuesday, April 6 (10-11 PM)

The Holy Terror
Original drama based on the life of Florence Nightingale, starring Julie Harris.
Wednesday, April 7 (7:30-9 PM)

Custer to the Little Big Horn
The complex man, the era he symbolized and the significance of his defeat.
Friday, April 9 (7:30-8:30 PM)
Repeated Sunday, April 18 (4-5 PM)

Mission to Malaya
Documents the experiences of two Peace Corps nurses in an under-developed area.
Saturday, April 10 (9:30-10:30 PM)

The Final Ingredient
Passover opera commemorating Jewish Festival of Freedom.
Sunday, April 11 (1-2 PM)

FDR Remembered
Personal glimpses of President Roosevelt as recalled by his friends and family.
Monday, April 12 (10-10:30 PM)

Telephone Hour
Olivia de Havilland, hostess, in tribute to "Spring." With Richard Tucker, Dorothy Collins and Mormon Tabernacle Choir.
Tuesday, April 13 (10-11 PM)

The Embattled Bastion on 42nd Street
The United Nations and its problems. Richard Hottelet, reporter.
Monday, April 19 (10-11 PM)

Our Man in Washington
A look at the capital, with David Brinkley.
Tuesday, April 20 (10-11 PM)

My Name Is Barbra
Musical special starring Broadway and recording star Barbra Streisand.
Wednesday, April 28 (9-10 PM)

Regularly Scheduled Programs

Monday to Friday:
Today/ Captain Kangaroo/ Sunrise Semester

Tuesdays:
That Was the Week That Was

Wednesdays:
ABC Scope

Saturdays:
Sunrise Semester/ Mr. Mayor/ Wide World of Sports/ Mr. Magoo

Sundays:
Lamp Unto My Feet/ Look Up and Live/ Bullwinkle/ Camera Three/ Discovery/ Face the Nation/ Watch Mr. Wizard/ Directions/ Issues and Answers/ Frontiers of Faith/ Sunday/ Sports in Action/ Science All Stars/ College Bowl/ Twentieth Century/ Meet the Press/ Walt Disney

NOTE: Times (current N.Y. time), programs, titles and casts are subject to change. Please consult local listings.

Television Information Office
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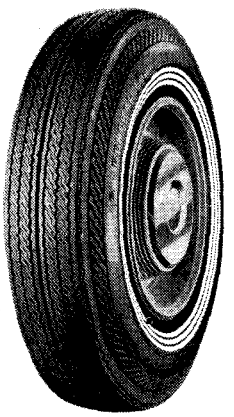

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Saturday Review

Cover: *The Bellelli Sisters*, by Edgar Hilaire Germain Degas. The Norton Simon Foundation Collection, Los Angeles County Museum of Art.

April 3, 1965

SR: Ideas

14 The Three Anxieties, by Seymour Melman
16 Behind the Selma March, by Martin Luther King, Jr.
18 Classics Revisited: The Odyssey, by Kenneth Rexroth
26 Rattling Good History: An Editorial
29 Los Angeles: Salute to a New Museum, by Katharine Kuh

SR: Science

45 Tracking the Spark of Life Beyond Earth, by John Lear
49 Fluoridation vs. the Constitution, by Arthur Selwyn Miller

SR: Books

19 Literary Horizons, by Granville Hicks
19 Index of books reviewed

SR: Departments

6 First of the Month, by Cleveland Amory
8 Top of My Head, by Goodman Ace
10 Trade Winds, by John G. Fuller
11 *SR* Recommends
12 Manner of Speaking, by John Ciardi
20 Literary Crypt
27 Letters to the Editor
28 Music to My Ears: Irving Kolodin reports on a night to remember
36 Broadway Postscript: Henry Hewes reviews *Do I Hear a Waltz?*
36 Literary I.Q.
37 *SR* Goes to the Movies: Hollis Alpert reviews *The Pawnbroker*
38 Booked for Travel: Horace Sutton in New Orleans
63 Kingsley Double-Crostic No. 1617

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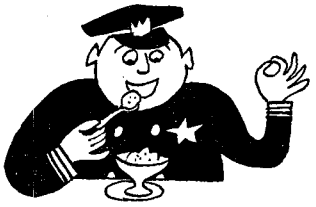
Trade Winds

Whatever you do in life, you can be sure of echoes. A brief while ago we had occasion to mention in this column the fiendishly habit-forming game that Doug Andrews stirred up at Doubleday in honor of *It Can't Always Be Caviar*, the spy thriller featuring gourmet dishes. (Examples: Cop Suey, Mints Spy, Thicken Plot Pie.)

Now comes Priscilla Rothschild of



Scarsdale, New York, with two additional appetizers: Police Custardy and Chile con Carnage. And as if these wouldn't set the kitchen back twenty years, along comes Mrs. R. G. Rosegrant, of Putney, Vermont, with an appropriate addition: Hamburglar.

Beyond the connection between cooking and spy thrillers, we learn from Sandy Whitely of New York, with a certain amount of justifiable horror and suspense, that Colgate is bringing out a line of James Bond cosmetics for men.

"I am relieved," she writes, "that Colgate has resisted the temptation to call their cologne 'Eau-Eau-Seven.'"

Another echo that has come back to haunt us is of a remark relating to book jackets. At one time in these hallowed pages, we made the mistake of inventing a new type of paperback book series, featuring the low-cut décolletage of historical heroines, called Peeper Backs.

Now along comes Grove Press with the first pop-art jacket on a serious work of fiction (Andre Pieyre de Mandiargues's *The Motorcycle*, to be published April 19), and if this hard-cover book isn't a Peeper Back, we don't know what is.

At another time, we recalled a story about the cynical spectator who watched a tight-rope bicycle rider stand on his head and play a refrain from Beethoven on a violin. Said the cynic: "Heifetz he ain't."

Now Frank Lewis, who composes the background music for *The Defenders* and other major TV shows, tells us some of the problems eminent musicians face when they are forced to play for strictly bread-and-butter assignments. For one recent recording of film background music, Lewis hired two violinists who were both so prominent that he had to avoid awarding ascendancy to one player over the other. He did it by labeling their parts "Violin Red" and "Violin Blue" instead of the customary "First Violin" and "Second Violin."

Lewis also recalls the story of another extremely prominent violinist who took a one-night stand with a pickup orchestra to earn some extra cash. He was assigned to the seventh stand in the first violins—well out of his accustomed place of prominence. During a break, a colleague asked him: "Well, Arthur, how are you?" He snapped back quickly: "It doesn't bother me a bit, not one bit!"

A recent headline in the *New York Times* reading "British Scientists Unite Cells of Mice and Men Into Hybrids" recalled for us the time John Steinbeck passed a bakery shop in Italy where, in honor of his birthday, a cake in the window was decorated with the words "Of Mice and Men." When he went in to thank the proprietor, he was almost forced to eat his own words—even though his name was misspelled on the cake.

Now along comes Gerald Raftery, author of *The Natives Are Always Restless*, to tell us that his name is *always* being misspelled. He received a postcard from his publisher recently addressed to "Gerald Raferty." And this was capped by a

note from a librarian addressed to "Gerald Rafferty," saying that the book would make a great movie vehicle "starring Tuesday Weld or Sue Lyons."

"Misspelling my name is understandable," writes Mr. Raftery, "but you'd think anyone with pretensions to culture would know it was Sue *Lyon*. Of course, no one misspells Teusday Weld's name."

Last year at this time, we mentioned the stimulating program created by the Institute on Man and Science in Rensselaerville, New York, featuring some of the leading minds in the country in a modern, Athenian-like forum for adults who wanted to combine a lovely summer countryside with provocative learning.

For a cost of about a dollar an hour, the participants continued their education last July in every subject from art and the theater to the Milky Way and beyond. Of the people who attended, 36 per cent were housewives, civic leaders, and business men, 26 per cent were teachers, and the rest were college students, clergymen, artists, lawyers, and members of other professions.

This year, with the support of the National Science Foundation, the program will continue again all through July. You can get more information about this worthwhile project by writing directly to the Institute.

Even now, echoes from the Tom Swifty wave of hysteria keep coming back. (Example: "I don't know the streets of Paris," he said ruefully.)

But Adele Bercovici of *Popular Science* tells us that a serious, unintentional Swifty appears in the pages of *The Loneliest Continent*, by Walker Chapman:

"The earth is spherical," D'Ailly stated flatly.

One last echo comes back from the swarm of new sentences to replace the old standby "The quick brown fox..."

Susan Strasser, of Pittsburgh, writes that they're even doing it in France. When she opened her new Hermes typewriter, she found two examples on the *essai d'ecriture*:

"Zoe, ma grande fille, veut que je boive ce whisky dont je ne veux pas."

And: *"Monsieur Jack, vous dactylographiez bien mieux que votre ami Wholf."*

Adds Miss Strasser: *"I* think they're better." —JOHN G. FULLER.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1616)

NELSON A. CRAWFORD:

(THE LITTLE PROFESSOR OF) PINEY WOODS

I asked the Little Professor how he managed through his early struggles. He smiled.

"I just kept on praying as if everything depended on God, and kept on working as if everything depended on me. You can't get discouraged if you do that."

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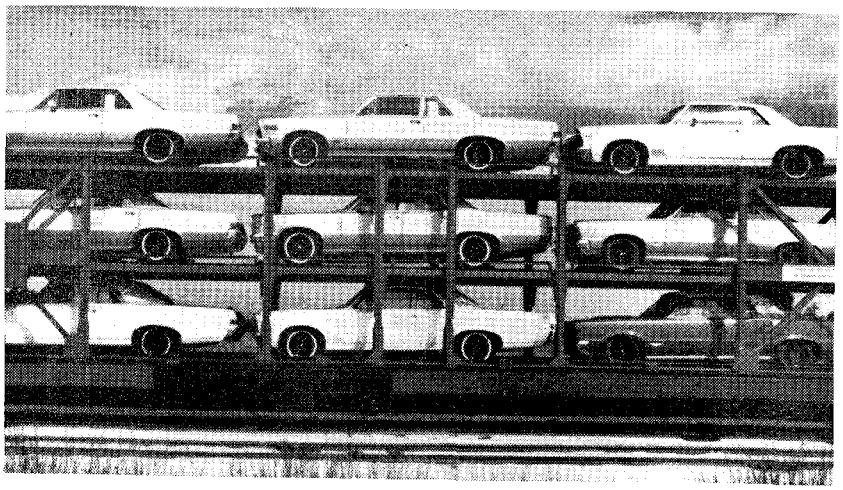
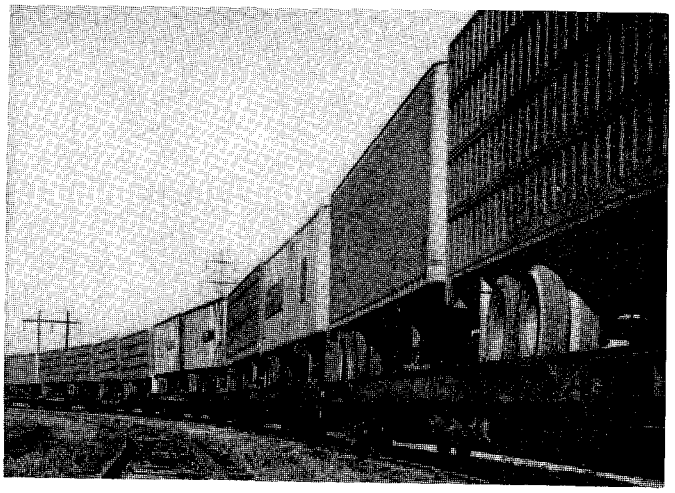
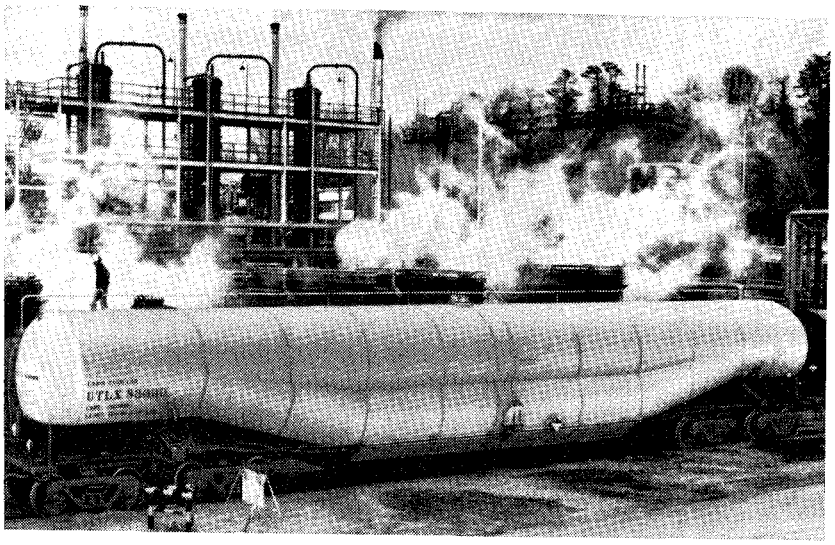
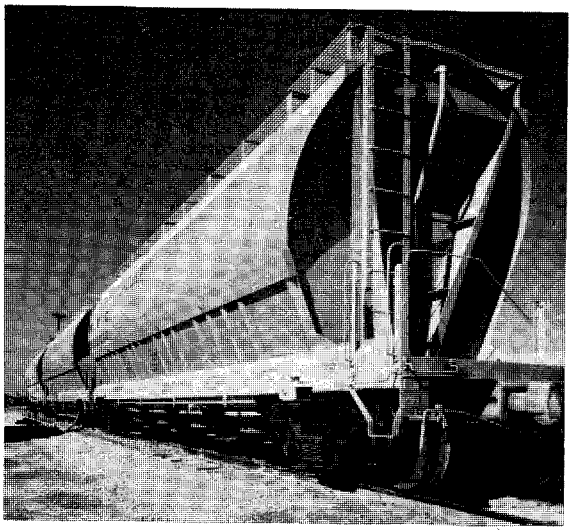


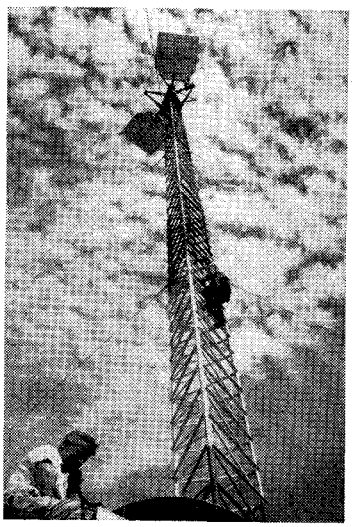


$1,400,000,000 BID FOR BUSINESS:



THE NEWEST EQUIPMENT, THE NEWEST RAIL IDEAS





The taxpaying railroads spent $1,400,000,000 last year on new equipment to provide better service for America. Among the items bought: 65,000 new freight cars designed for shippers' special needs (like jumbo 100-ton capacity hoppers for grain shippers and giant tank cars that carry up to 50,000 gallons). Improved track to haul heavier loads faster. Microwave communications systems. Electronically controlled freight classification yards. More than 1,000 powerful diesel locomotive units. These latest railroad advances are shaping the transportation future. Through them, the railroads are keeping shippers' costs down, attracting more business, and giving you better service and lower costs.

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Over, Darling. We looked literally everywhere, from *Woman in the Dunes* to *Woman of Straw.* And it was all no use. By now we were getting hungry. Well, there was an answer for that—*Love à la Carte.* We were also getting warm. Well, they don't come any warmer than *The Naked Night* or *My Bare Lady.*

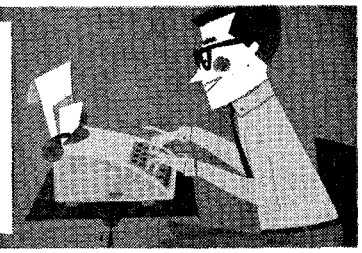
Finally, we were getting just plain everyday tired. And, sure as shooting, there it was—*Bedtime Story.* All right, we admit it, we were desperate. It was an *Outrage.* In fact it was *Too Much for Any One Man.* And you know what? There were those, too.

• • •

On the television front, we sat glued to the "star-studded premiere" of the movie *Lord Jim*—one that was hosted for late-night TV by Joan Crawford and John Charles Daly. The first to come on our screen was Lee Remick. "Is that a shantung coat?" asked Joan. "Yes," said Lee. "Is the dress under the coat shantung, too?" asked Joan. "Yes," said Lee. It was pretty exciting. Next came Maggie Hayes. She told us she was wearing a Norell. "It's both piqué and appliqué, isn't it?" asked Joan. By now we were on pins and needles. Next came Mrs. Robert Morse. "It's white satin brocade," Joan said. "I don't know what she has on underneath." At this John Charles Daly cleared his throat. "We'll be back in just a moment," he said. He's a trouper, that John. When we came back Joan introduced Judy Garland's daughter, Miss Minnelli. "Hello, Lisa," she said. "It's *Liza,* Joan," said Liza. But that didn't stop Joan. "How's your beautiful talent?" she said. It was certainly a gracious thing to say. You just can't top Joan. Next came Anita Louise and Henry Berger. "Look at the beautiful gown: long white satin Givenchy," said Joan. "Diamonds by Winston!" said Anita. Boy, it was touch-and-go there for a minute. That Winston doesn't fool around—you mention him or else. Now it was time for John Charles Daly to talk again. "One thing that fascinates me," he said. "Oh, here comes Peter O'Toole," said Joan. "Are you excited, Peter?" "No, I'm not really," Peter said. Well, you could take that two ways. At this point Dorothy Kilgallen got into the picture. "I think you ought to ask Peter about his reaction to crowds," she said. Well, that was one you could take or let alone. Anyway, next came James Mason. "James Mason," said Joan. "You never looked lovelier." "I'm very happy to meet you, too," said James. "We've already *met,*" said Joan. "Don't you *remember?*" And then it was John Daly's turn to be tactful again. "Weren't you an architect, James?" he asked. "I started to be," said James, "but I turned to act-

(*Continued on page* 58)

Top of My Head



Personal, But Not Too

IF YOU HAPPEN to be married to a nonwriter, which unfortunately I am, and you yourself are a writer of sorts, you get a lot of little extracurricular writing assignments. They run from a birthday greeting or a note of thanks for a gift received to a violent letter to a taxi company or the mayor.

In the natural course of events her letter-writing assignments would be no more degrading than the usual run of marital assignments—carrying out the garbage, mowing the lawn, changing a light bulb in the ceiling at the risk of life and limb. But, as if I didn't have enough problems in my daily TV writing assignment, she used to insist on editing my letters and re- and rewriting.

These story conferences would take place after she had assigned me, for instance, the task of writing a birthday telegram to Leon, her favorite brother.

"Make it clever," she would say.

So I'd think it over and come up with "Happy birthday, Old Man."

She wouldn't like that at all. She'd say, "It makes him sound like he's an old man."

"He is," I would volunteer.

"But you don't remind him he is on his birthday! It will depress him. It should be something gay and clever, like 'Many Happy Returns.'"

"How about sending that?" I'd ask.

"No, I mean say that but say it cleverly," she'd respond.

She doesn't know it but this is known in the professional writing medium as the executive producer approach. Every television writer comes up against it every week and there's nothing to do but sit down and try to come up with the idea projected—but cleverly. There's one difference—in TV the pay is a little higher than what a writer gets writing birthday greetings to Leon.

My executive producer is a special case. For fourteen years she delivered a thousand or more malaprops over the radio and she is a victim of occupational disease. In everyday conversation she still manages a few malaprops, unthinkingly. I was not surprised recently to hear her admonish me for doing too many things with the line, "You're running around like a chicken with its hat off." And recently when she was talking about someone who got his comeuppance for some small slight she said: "Well, time wounds all heels." This time there was a pause and she asked: "Is that right?"

I said: "I think it's time heals all wounds."

"Time heals all wounds?" she asked. "What does that mean? That can't be right. Well, anyway. . . ."

In character on radio, she wrote letters to mother. One ended with: "P.S.: Guess who died."

I offer these as some slight nod toward justification for the assignments I now get. But in the past few years there has been one change—the editing and story conferences are out. She states the premise of the letter I am to write cleverly and I go to the typewriter and write it and mail it. No blue penciling, no rewrites. And it was thus when last Christmas a friend sent a case of vodka.

The letter I wrote thanked the friend for the case of medicine and related that, according to the instructions on the bottle, we are now taking it every hour. I mentioned that Jane and I had quite a discussion about how it should be taken. Jane had insisted it was meant to be taken in tomato juice. My idea was that it is best taken with a couple of onions and a twist of lemon peel. Thanks to their gift the discussion waxed into a full-blown recriminatory argument, I wrote. We finally settled on taking the medicine with nothing more than a couple of ice cubes. And in a final flight of fancy and a burst of ungracious receiving I said the drink is now known around here as "Marriage on the Rocks."

The agreement I have with my executive producer is that she not read the letters that she assigns me to write; just sign them and leave their quality of cleverness to my judgment. She signed the letter. I mailed it.

A few days later she reported she had received a peculiar note from our friends who had sent us the case of vodka. They didn't say so, but she read between the lines that they were not getting along too well—something about their marriage being on the rocks. She asked if I had sent them the thank-you note. I said I had. And then I wondered: "Who'll get the custody of the note?" She laughed.

"What are you laughing at?"

"Marriage on the rocks," she laughed. "Sounds like the name of a drink. That's the kind of clever note you should have written to them." —GOODMAN ACE.

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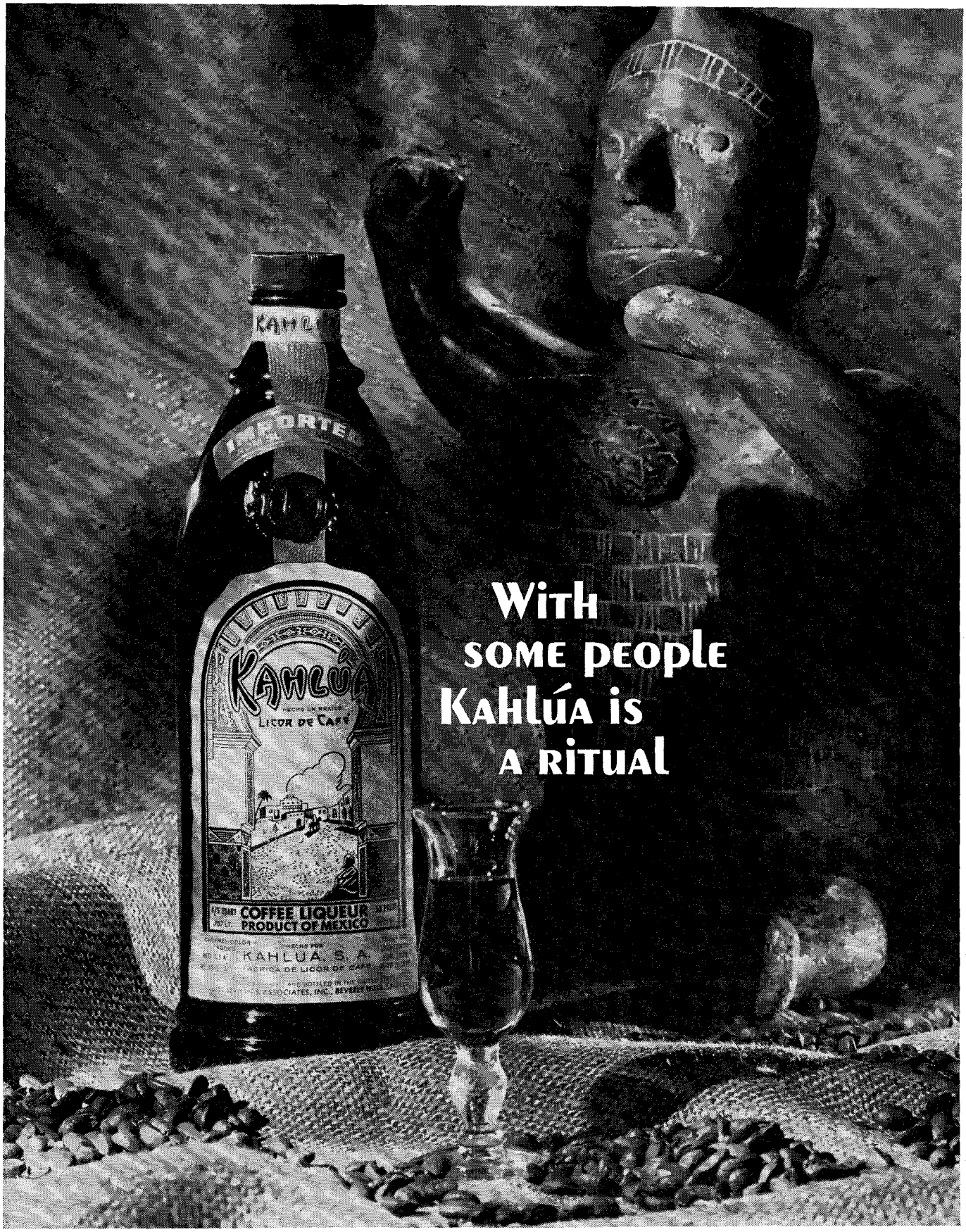

Devoted as they are to orthodoxy, they drink it straight; in a cordial glass; after dinner. There's definitely something bewitching about the brew. Many, charmed by the versatility of this captivating coffee liqueur, are compelled to exult in such devilish concoctions as the Black Russian, Brave Bull, Kahlúa Sour. Still others swirl it into dazzling desserts. Consider the sorcery of this magical mixture from Old Mexico. And while you're at it, consider the source, because what the Mexicans don't know about coffee liqueur doesn't amount to a hill of beans.

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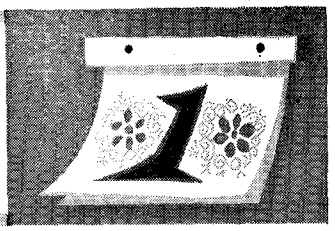
First of the Month



By CLEVELAND AMORY

DURING the month a freshman college class, which shall be nameless, was asked to identify some famous people. Of the 100 students polled, forty had no idea who Dean Rusk was and thirty-nine didn't know Robert McNamara—in fact, one of the students identified Mr. McNamara as "the man who leads the New York crime syndicate." Among other remarkable identifications, William Miller, last year's Vice-Presidential nominee, was named as "a local surgeon," while James Franciscus, of *Mr. Novak* fame, was simply "the new Pope." Theolonius Monk, of course, was easy for the students—he was, obviously, "the head of the monks." And, as for other identifications, novelist-critic Mary McCarthy was "a TV weather girl" while Red China's Mao—why, he was a snap—"a Japanese historian."

The way we see it, the freshmen may have started a trend, and we see no reason why they should stop with McNamara, Franciscus, Miss McCarthy, and Mao. How about Chou En-lai? Clearly, the dog that won at Westminster. Or Moise Tshombe? Obviously, a fashionable resort. The place to stay, incidentally, is the Harry Belafonte—on beautiful Perry Como. Tito? Why the wife of Gargantua, who else? And please remember the hunting season has closed on Fernando Lamas. They're almost extinct, you know.

And if Ibn Saud is that wonderful cry of the souls saved by, of course, the Everett Jordan, nearer at home we have Mike Mansfield—the man who is, as we recall, the husband of that large girl in the movies. Burl Ives, on the other hand, is a lovely section of Forest Lawn. And Sal Mineo? Why, he's that meat sauce you hear advertised so much. It's simply delicious, as you may know, on Mastroianni.

Juanita Hall? Surely you remember that dignified old Princeton dormitory—in the center of Old Nasser. As for Debra Paget, now there's a colorful traditional ceremony for you. It's held, you know, on the joyous holiday, Yul Brynner. But what about David Brinkley? Was he mixed up in that famous Boston robbery? Or was that Harry James? And how about all those baseball players? Who toiled, for example, when Warren Spahn?

John Hersey was obviously the inventor of chocolate, but what about that Vance Packard? You hardly ever see them on the road anymore. Finally, on your trip abroad, don't forget to visit lovely Hugh Downs, that restful English suburb. You can't miss it. Just go down Abbe Lane until you come to Audrey Meadows. But we think we ought to warn you that with the Sterling Hayden over there, it's time we Wouk up to our dwindling supply of Hermione Gingold. Pretty soon we'll be down to Zero Mostel.

• • •

Also during the month, in the not-so-fair city of New York, we started out one night to go to the movies. We wanted something new. No *Sex and the Single Girl*, for example, or *Return to Peyton Place*. We weren't even bowled over by *Girls of the Night* or *The Night-Walker* or, for that matter, *Strange Bedfellows*. We've got nothing against strangers, mind you—some of our best friends are strangers.

But we wanted something different. Would it be, for example, *The Girl Hunters*, or *The Lady Killers*? *Seven Capital Sins* or *How to Murder Your Wife*? It was certainly a tough decision. But, the way we see it, there's enough trouble in the world without paying good money to see more—although, if we did want it, they had it: *Seduced and Abandoned* and *The Slave Trade in the World Today*. And, if all these weren't enough for you, you could delve even deeper, say to *The Horror of It All*, or even, though obviously you had to watch your step here, *The Slime People*.

But these weren't for us. We were determined to keep our spirits up, and so we cheerfully noted *Joy House* and *Young, Willing and Eager*. We were also pleased to note a kind of return to nature theme—*Nature's Sweethearts* and *Sandy, the Nature Girl*. We are, however, a stickler for accuracy, and so we took a careful look at the possibilities in *The Facts of Love* and *The Anatomy of a Marriage*. We saw there was a trend toward keeping diaries, all the way from *Diary of Artists' Models* to *The Diary of a Chambermaid*, and, since it was a Sunday night, we were pleased to take cognizance of a number of religious films—*The Love Goddess*, for example, and *Black Sabbath*.

We tell you we searched high and low—from *The Amorous General* to *Kiss Me, Stupid*, from *Mating Time* to *Move*

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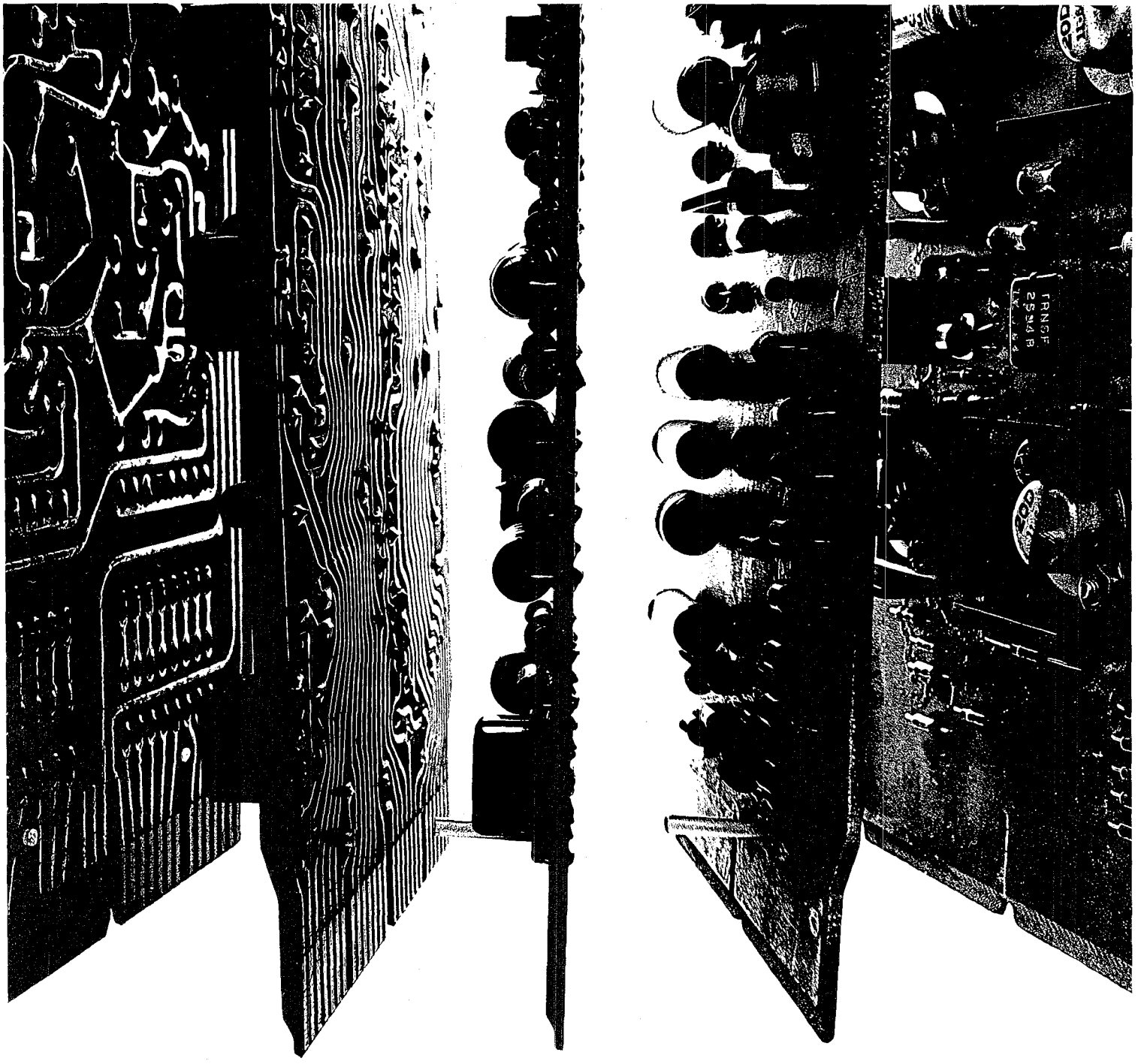

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SR Recommends

BOOKS

Fiction

FIRST PAPERS, Laura Z. Hobson. Random House, $6.95 (*SR,* Feb 27)—Recaptures the spunk and high-mindedness, along with the back-stabbing, that characterized the vivid ferment of New York's lower East Side during the first two decades of this century.

THE JEALOUS GOD, John Braine. Houghton Mifflin, $4.95 (*SR,* March 6)—A very human and fully fleshed portrait of a man who is both too sensual and too moral to respond in kind to the warmth of the woman who loves him.

THE WINNERS, Julio Cortázar; tr. from the Spanish by Elaine Kerrigan. Pantheon, $5.95 (*SR,* March 27)—A young Argentinian who writes like a warmer and more grandiloquent Aldous Huxley tells an absorbing story of passengers who win an ocean voyage, destination unknown, in a national lottery. The allegory can be taken or left alone.

Nonfiction

THE WAR-PEACE ESTABLISHMENT, Arthur Herzog. Harper & Row, $4.95 (*SR,* Feb. 6)—Summarizes, by means of interviews, the conflicting views held by participants in the arms debate.

HUMPHREY: A CANDID BIOGRAPHY, Winthrop Griffith. Morrow, $5.95 (*SR,* March 13)—His Senate assistant from 1960 to 1964 answers the question of how capable the Vice President would be if he were to become Chief Executive by setting forth his weaknesses and telling how they are more than compensated for by his constructive liberalism, love of people, and practical intelligence.

THE NATURE AND ART OF MOTION, edited by Gyorgy Kepes. Braziller, $12.50 (*SR,* March 13)—This collection of essays is the third volume of a series exploring the relationship between vision and behavior and between art and science. It suggests that an affinity exists between abstract art and recent discoveries in physics, and that an atmosphere can be created within which fresh perceptions and new ways of communication may be encouraged.

GAMBLERS' MONEY, Wallace Turney. Houghton Mifflin, $5.95 (*SR,* Feb. 27)—A *New York Times* reporter tells how the millions of dollars of "black money" that is skimmed off the top of casino winnings without appearing in the listed revenues goes into the pockets of the underworld crooks who dominate much of Nevada's legal gambling, thus exerting a corruptive force on our economy.

THE NEGRO'S CIVIL WAR: HOW AMERICAN NEGROES FELT AND ACTED DURING THE WAR FOR THE UNION, James M. McPherson. Pantheon, $6.95 (*SR,* March 13)—A collection of speeches, letters, articles, and official documents written by and about Negroes that tells with much pathos how those who were slaves, those who were fugitives, and those who were cultivated gentlemen of the free states spoke out with amazing unanimity on fundamental principles.

MOVIES

THE PAWNBROKER (*SR,* April 3)—Thanks largely to a remarkable performance by Rod Steiger as an aged man who recovers the capacity for feeling that he had lost in a concentration camp, this story of prostitution and drug addiction in Harlem is both believable and human.

THE TRAIN (*SR,* March 13)—Tells with superb photography and ever-mounting tension the story of how, in August 1944, a group of Nazis, headed by Paul Scofield as their colonel, attempt to evacuate from Paris a train loaded with art treasures stolen from all over Europe—with Burt Lancaster, a leader of the Resistance, at the controls. Magnificent train wreck; painstakingly reconstructed backgrounds of France twenty years ago. Only Jeanne Moreau is wasted.

THE BUS (*SR,* March 27)—A documentary on the 1963 March on Washington that evokes the growing solidarity of ordinary people in opposition to racial discrimination.

RED DESERT (*SR,* Feb. 20—Antonioni's first color film paints patterns of haunting exquisiteness while once more he portrays with consummate artistry the terror of a woman estranged from life. Monica Vitti again, this time with Richard Harris.

LORD JIM (*SR,* March 6)—Colorful photography and a good performance by Peter O'Toole make this a better than average stab at capturing the quality of Conrad on the screen.

ART

Exhibitions

AUDUBON WATERCOLORS AND DRAWINGS, Munson-Williams-Proctor Institute Museum of Art, Utica, New York. The first exhibition in 125 years devoted exclusively to the watercolors and drawings of this nineteenth-century master of bird and animal life includes a rare group of portraits. Opens April 11.

THREE CENTURIES OF AMERICAN PAINTING, Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York. A comprehensive survey of over 400 paintings spanning the years 1870 to 1962. Supplementary galleries of American sculpture and furniture will also be on view. All but thirty important loans are from the Metropolitan's permanent collection. Opens April 9.

PAINTINGS BY CAMILLE PISSARRO, Wildenstein & Company, Inc., New York. Eighty-eight works by this influential nineteenth-century impressionist artist are lent by fifteen museums and fifty-five private collectors. Of particular interest are fifty-five works that have never before been on public view in New York.

PHOTOGRAPHY

Exhibitions

THE PHOTO ESSAY, Museum of Modern Art, New York. Forty-five picture stories—photos, text, and graphics—trace the growth of this communications technique in an exhibit that is itself a large-scale photo essay.

AARON SISKIND: PHOTOGRAPHER, George Eastman House, Rochester, New York. A retrospective show of representative documentary, architectural, and abstract works by the man who heads Chicago's famed Institute of Design photography department.

THEATER

THE ODD COUPLE (*SR,* March 27)—A hilarious comedy by Neil Simon tells how an average disorderly male, morose about his divorced state, takes in a desperate friend, also male and more recently divorced, only to find himself the victim of the same compulsive tidiness and all-embracing self-pity that had made life unbearable for the friend's wife. Walter Matthau, Art Carney, and others, directed by Mike Nichols.

GOLDEN BOY (*SR,* Nov. 7)—Sammy Davis as a man between two worlds in an excitingly produced musical.

TINY ALICE (*SR,* Jan. 16 and 30)—Edward Albee's confounding parable of man and the universe.

TARTUFFE (*SR,* Feb. 6)—Merry presentation of Molière's great comedy. Also . . . **THE FANTASTICKS, THE KNACK, THE TROJAN WOMEN, THE SUBJECT WAS ROSES.** If you're lucky enough to get tickets: **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF** and **LUV.**

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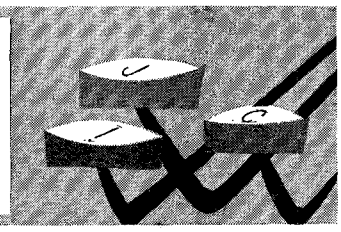
Manner of Speaking



Last Exit to Nowhere: Someday, and soon I hope, the Supreme Court will hear a book-banning case and issue a ruling that not only clears the book but enunciates legal principle so firmly that the everlastingly reiterated harassment of books by the lower courts will be brought to a halt.

For though the higher courts all but invariably clear any book that is brought before them, police agencies and public prosecutors continue to bring new cases to the lower courts, leaving it to the defendant to find his expensive way to higher justice. These lower court actions, moreover, are invariably brought on the same grounds. The book is charged with contributing to juvenile delinquency. Or it is charged with offending community standards. Or with both.

Could I have all my wishes in the matter, the Supreme Court would be unequivocal in destroying the legal basis of these two charges.

It would rule first (so let me dream) that no book may be banned on the grounds that it contributes to juvenile delinquency, holding that there is no demonstrable connection between juvenile delinquency and any reading habit, and that the very existence of any least trace of a reading habit is more likely than not to be a deterrent to juvenile delinquency. The court may, with my blessing, exempt comic books from the ruling, finding them to be primarily an exercise in ogling rather than in reading. But, with whatever reservations it finds necessary, it will rule that few men and no children have ever been corrupted by holding in front of their eyes a series of pages.

It would rule second (my dream continues) that a book is incapable of offending community standards, holding that a book has no way of intruding upon the community, that it is available only to one reader at a time, and that it cannot thrust itself upon even that reader as an offense to his standards since the reader is free to close the book whenever he feels that he is offended.

The second principle may be stated as the proposition that if an offense cannot occur by itself but must be deliberately sought out and brought into being by the person who then feels offended, that person can claim no redress at law.

On the chance that the Supreme Court does not have handy a precedent for such a ruling, let me cite the case of Bitsy O'Grady *vs.* Muscles Mike. The magistrate in this case was Officer Sam, Bitsy O'Grady bringing a complaint of indecent exposure against Muscles Mike. Officer Sam, investigating the complaint in person, was led by complainant to the window of her apartment and asked to look for himself at the window of Muscles Mike's apartment, where he was assured he would see Muscles Mike in near total undress and in obscene postures of rigorous exercise.

Officer Sam did look as directed but found he could not see into Muscles Mike's window, it being at a slightly higher level than complainant's and at an angle to it. "Ah, to be sure," testified complainant, "but just try standing on this chair and holding up this bit of a mirror I've tied to the end of my broomstick, and see if it isn't enough to give an honest soul palpitations!"

IN this case Officer Sam found for the accused, ruling that if two shades have to be up at the same time before offense can be given, then complainant had sufficient protection in her own shade and needed none at law; and, further, that a mirror on a broomstick is the visual equivalent of wiretapping and not admissible in evidence without a prior court order.

Somewhere between tears and whimsy there is the further point that reviewers are reluctant to attack a bad book for fear that an excerpt-lifting prosecutor will use some passage of the review in evidence against the book. Sometime ago, I wrote about Cleland's *Memoirs of a Woman of Pleasure,* arguing that the book was not censorable but that it certainly was pornography. And within two weeks I had been entered in evidence by a public prosecutor as if I had pleaded for the book's suppression.

My damnation on any man who quotes me in support of any book-banner, for that man is a cheat and a liar. But now there comes upon the land the case of *Last Exit to Brooklyn,* the new best-seller by Hubert Selby, Jr., and if I may pause to wish a case of Job's boils on any prosecutor who distorts my sentiments into a legal case against the book, then let me cite Selby's effusion as the season's and the century's post-ultimate event in the literary swill-slopping contest.

Last Exit is the gutter-to-sewer chronicle of a depraved gang of young hoods who hang out at the Greek's, "a beat-up all-night diner near the Brooklyn Army base." These specimens of the bestialized young live on what they can pick up by muggings, but their taste for violence is in no way limited to professional engagements. In the opening episode, the gang cripples a young soldier, standing around him in a circle and methodically kicking in his face, ribs, kidneys, crotch, and whatever else offers itself to marksmanship. Selby clearly has not only a knack for the details of vomit and crunching cartilage, but a literary taste for it.

After such a beginning, one can hardly expect surprises. Yet by the time the eager author has rung the changes on every detail of mayhem, homosexual violence, bloody dives, back-alley girls, and a mass fornication of the viciously feeble-minded slut called Tralala – by that time, I say, any fair-minded reader is bound to confess Selby has outdone his own advance billing.

For *Last Exit* is a well-chosen title. Whatever road our creative young apes have been traveling in their addicted denial of every human affection, this is certainly the last exit before someone comes up with the final epic of sodomy, cannibalism, and Caligulan ingenuities. The denial of love in any form is certainly an essence of it. There is only the reality of the man-beast to cling to. There is no memory in it of what a reasonable man may still, and honorably, call the humanities. And there is everywhere in it the assumption that ignorance plus a boiling energy is all the literary preparation a man needs.

Yet Selby's book is not depraved because of its subject matter. The depravity of a piece of writing is always located in the author. Nelson Algren, for example, can write about Skid Row and infuse the story of his lost souls with a sublimely tragic sense of compassion. There is no need to ask of Algren why he writes what he does as he does: he loves his people and we are made to love them, too.

But when I ask myself why Selby should be moved to write as he does about bestialized humanity, I can come up with no answer except that he is a literary fraud; skillful enough as a writer, but moved to the writing by no other purpose than to out-vomit, out-rape, out-bash, out-smear, and out-stink every other literary roughneck on the scene. "These guys think they can write rough, huh? Well," the author seems to be saying, "I'll show them!"

And he does, he certainly does. For no book as bad as this one gets written by accident. Only a man with a firm sense of direction could have turned it out so entirely to no human purpose.

No, it is not to be banned gentlemen—I did not say that—but damned it must be. —JOHN CIARDI.

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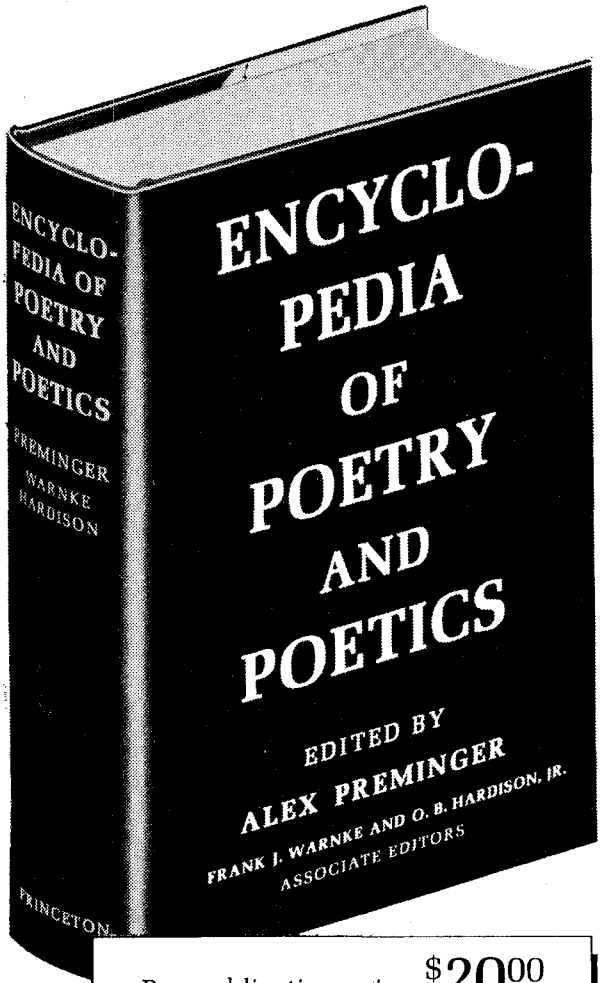

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Saturday Review
April 3, 1965

THE THREE ANXIETIES

Can Men Find Jobs?
Can Prosperity Last?
Can War Be Avoided?

By SEYMOUR MELMAN

THREE ANXIETIES are now deeply felt by many Americans: anxiety about jobs, anxiety about our ability to prosper without defense work, and anxiety about the sustained threat of war.

At the heart of the anxiety about jobs is a feeling of uncertainty caused by the young people who are coming into the labor market at a rate of a million and more each year. Then, too, there is the visible desire of millions of Americans seeking equal job opportunity. Furthermore, the continued mechanization of work—the source of our productiveness—compels readjustments that are sometimes painful. All these conditions make many Americans fearful of their prospects for the future.

But there need be no fear if we make intelligent use of our talent to create new markets and new jobs for our people.

For twenty years we have concentrated on defense. We have lavished our productive resources without stint to create a defense system that would ensure the independence of our nation and help protect our allies. We now have by far the most powerful defense force in the world.

But this was not accomplished without cost. We have been spending half of our federal tax dollars for defense. The majority of our engineers and scientists have been drawn into this work.

While we have concentrated on defense, we have spent less and less of the federal tax dollar for every sort of human welfare. In 1939 the federal government spent 42.5 per cent of its budget on housing, health, labor, and education. In the budget that has been tentatively drawn up for 1965, federal funds for these purposes total 7.4 per cent.

While many new industries were created by private investment and by government defense spending during the last decades, several of our most basic industries have become economically and technologically depleted.

We are in the unenviable position of having the oldest stock of metalworking machines of any major industrial country. Our stock of these basic machines is getting older. In other countries it is getting younger.

Our oceangoing commercial fleets are composed of aging vessels. The American oil tanker fleet is now the oldest fleet of its sort in the world.

Although Americans consume more fish every year, the American fishing industry has not advanced as far technologically as the fishing industries of other countries have.

In these and other fields, markets have been contracting and jobs have been becoming scarcer.

In concentrating talent in the defense field we have drawn capable men and women away from the all-important work of teaching in our schools. The fact that a third of the young men up for selective service cannot pass the physical and educational tests is a warning signal we dare not ignore.

We must also set to work to improve housing; to conserve and develop our soil, forests, parks and waterways; to control air and water pollution; and to renew our great railroad system.

How can we convert these areas of depletion into markets and jobs for Americans? Consider education, a basic responsibility of our local and state governments. If we wish to bring American schools up to a good standard, we will have to spend about $14 billion more a year for education than we now spend. If the people holding the varied jobs created by such upgrading were paid an average of $8,000 per year, 1,750,000 new jobs would be added to the economy.

We should bear in mind the fact that education, like other kinds of human care of human beings, is not likely to become widely automated.

Recently the Senate Subcommittee on Employment and Manpower calculated the cost of meeting the backlog of national needs in housing, urban renewal, mass transit, highways, pollution control, soil and forest conservation, and community planning. These new markets, they reported, require financing of $43 billion to $53 billion per year for ten years, then $31 billion to $41 billion per year for another decade. New markets that are financed at a level of $50 billion per year would directly generate 6,250,000 jobs (assuming $8,000 as the cost of an average year of work to be done). The productive nature of this work would multiply indirect employment. The prospect of 8,000,000 to 10,000,000 new jobs in new markets is what America needs to make a start at erasing unemployment—especially of Negroes and young people.

USEFUL work for all as a national condition is within our reach. New markets and new jobs for Americans are the indispensable requirements for peace.

Even though some of the needs of our people will be met through private capital, public financing will also be required. In many instances the two may be combined. Decentralized administra-

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Seymour Melman is an author and professor of industrial engineering at Columbia University. This article is adapted from his forthcoming book *Our Depleted Society*, to be published by Holt, Rinehart and Winston.

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tion can be used to avoid the growth of unwieldly central bureaucracies.

The U.S. highway program suggests a model for financing large national projects through public funds. In this instance the federal government provided 90 per cent of the funds and the states 10 per cent. The proportion can be varied for the whole range of new market areas according to average income per person. The states, counties, or cities with lowest average income per person could receive 95 per cent of capital needed from federal funds. The areas with highest income per person could receive only 50 per cent. This would concentrate new job-creating investments at the points of greatest need.

A first-year effort could start with a modest $5 billion for these purposes. Immediate planning of new investments should be started so that the rate of new financing could be raised swiftly to $10 billion the second year and $25 billion the third year.

Employees in defense industries are particularly worried about their future. We must all remember that these men and women were called to this work by all of us. We therefore have an obligation to them when their particular work is no longer required.

The most important way to enable a smooth changeover to civilian work is a healthy, growing economy that offers new markets and new jobs in many spheres. But defense industry and defense employees have special problems of converting their enterprises or organizations to civilian work. For this purpose Senator George McGovern, of South Dakota, has initiated legislation for an Economic Conversion Commission by which the federal government could encourage conversion planning in the states and the industries that are most concerned.

The need is for practical plans so that our skilled naval shipyard workers, for example, could apply their talents to the construction of badly needed cargo, passenger, fishing, and other vessels. We will find ways to develop new professional opportunities that will be highly constructive for our country. Our schools of education, engineering, and science should be encouraged to help men and women with science and engineering training and experience to become teachers of science and mathematics in our high schools, public schools, and junior colleges, where their talents are badly needed.

By realistic conversion programs we will make the completion of defense work into an opportunity and not a penalty for all concerned.

Some Americans have found the tensions arising from the long-sustained threat of war so hard to bear that they hope for some ultimate showdown that could decide the great struggle between East and West. Behind this anxiety is the fact that both we and the Soviets have built great nuclear arsenals whose use in a nuclear war would mean defeat for all, regardless of who made the first move.

Since the Cuban missile crisis the Soviets and we have been negotiating tension-reducing steps to safeguard peace. The test-ban treaty, the hot-line agreement, and the agreements on Antarctica are important precedents.

The present nuclear standoff can be made into an opportunity to use the still-unmatched productive might of our country to launch a new sort of world contest—a world-wide war on poverty.

From a political standpoint it is significant that such a project would require no negotiation or approval from the Soviet side. Bold initiative from the United States would have an electrifying political and economic effect throughout the world. It would transform the conditions under which the American people must consider solutions for both international and domestic problems.

Greater success in a world war on poverty gives political advantage, but lesser success does not impose damaging loss. The very act of participating in such a contest has a life-serving and freedom-serving effect for all the societies involved.

Priority to a world-wide war on poverty includes none of the war-threatening hazards connected with nuclear brinkmanship.

For the American people this means there need be no dread of an ever-threatening nuclear war.

Within a framework of a vigorous program for new markets and new jobs there need be no fear for jobs when defense plants and military bases are closed. There need be no fears of competition for existing jobs.

To meet the challenge of a constructive American program in support of freedom, based upon the still-unmatched industrial system of the United States, the Soviets would be compelled to take disarmament far more seriously than they do now. For, otherwise, the continued strain upon their resources, making it impossible for them to meet a bold U.S. economic challenge in the world, could force the Soviet Union into a permanently second-class political-economic position.

New markets and new jobs for Americans are the key to solving some of our most basic problems. Through these we can find our way to growing prosperity and peace for all our people—peace at home and peace among nations.

"Play me or trade me, Weintraub! I'm not helping the team when I'm on the bench."

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—Declan Haun (Black Star).

Demonstrators sing freedom songs in Selma—The goal was to dramatize injustice.

BEHIND THE SELMA MARCH

By MARTIN LUTHER KING, JR.

IN HIS ADDRESS to the joint session of Congress, President Johnson made one of the most eloquent, unequivocal, and passionate pleas for human rights ever made by a President of the United States. He revealed a great understanding of the depth and dimension of the problem of racial justice. His tone and his delivery were disarmingly sincere. His power of persuasion has been nowhere more forcefully seen. We are happy to know that our struggle in Selma has gone far beyond the issue of the right to vote and has focused the attention of the nation on the vital issue of equality in human rights.

During the course of our struggle to achieve voting rights for Negroes in Selma, Alabama, it was reported that a "delicate understanding" or "agreement" had existed between myself, Alabama state officials, and the federal government to avoid the scheduled march to Montgomery on Tuesday, March 9.

It was interpreted in some quarters, on the basis of news reports of my testimony in support of our petition to the Federal District Court in Montgomery for an injunction against state officials, that I worked with the federal government to throttle the indignation of white clergymen and Negroes and their courageous determination to take a stand, so that Selma could present a superficially calm face to the millions of Americans whose eyes and minds were trained on it at that particular moment.

I am concerned about this perversion of the facts and for the record would like to sketch in the background of the events leading to the confrontation of marchers and Alabama State Troopers at Pettus Bridge in Selma, and our subsequent peaceful turning back.

The goal of the demonstrations in Selma, as elsewhere, is to dramatize the existence of injustice and to bring about the presence of justice by methods of nonviolence. Long years of experience indicate to us that Negroes can achieve this goal when four things occur:

1. Nonviolent demonstrators go into the streets to exercise their constitutional rights.
2. Racists resist by unleashing violence against them.
3. Americans of conscience in the name of decency demand federal intervention and legislation.
4. The Administration, under mass pressure, initiates measures of immediate intervention and remedial legislation.

The working out of this process has never been simple or tranquil. When nonviolent protests were countered by local authorities with harassment, intimidation, and brutality, the federal government has always first asked the Negro to desist and leave the streets, rather than bring pressure to bear on those who commit the criminal acts. We have always been compelled to reject vigorously such federal requests and have rather relied on our allies, the millions of Americans across the nation, to bring pressure on the federal government for protective action in our behalf. Our position has always been that there is a wrong and right side to the question of full freedom and equality for millions of Negro Americans and that the federal government does not belong in the middle on this issue.

DURING our nonviolent direct-action campaigns we always have been advised, and again were so advised in Selma, that violence may ensue. Herein lies a dilemma: Of course there always exists the likelihood that, because of the hostility to our demonstrations, acts of lawlessness may be precipitated. We realize that we must exercise extreme caution so that our direct-action program is not conducted in a manner that

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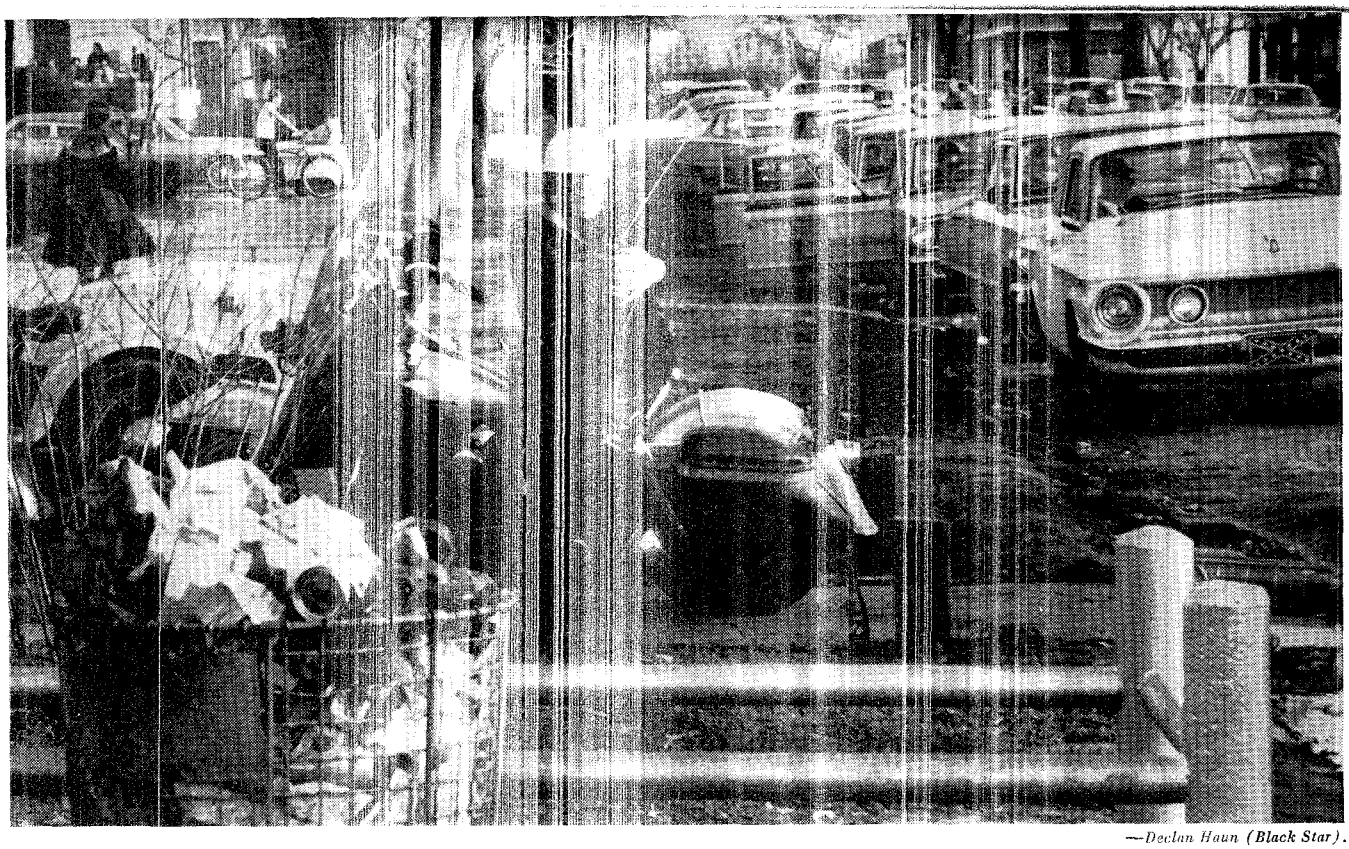

—Declan Haun (Black Star).

Police cars, bearing Confederate bumper insignia, stand by—"We would march until we faced the troopers."

might be considered provocative or an invitation to violence. Accordingly, each situation must be studied in detail; the strength and temper of our adversaries must be estimated and any change in any of these factors will affect the details of our strategy. Nevertheless, we often must begin a march without knowing when or where it will actually terminate.

HOW were these considerations applied to our plans for the march from Selma to Montgomery?

My associates and friends are constantly concerned about my personal safety, and in the light of recent threats of death, many of them urged me not to march Sunday for fear that my presence in the line would lead to assassination attempts. However, as a matter of conscience, I cannot always respond to the wishes of my staff and associates; in this case, I had made the decision to lead the march on Sunday and was prepared to do so in spite of any possible danger to my person.

In working out a time schedule, I had to consider my church responsibilities. Because I am so frequently out of my pulpit and because my life is so full of emergencies, I am always on the horns of a dilemma. I had been away for two straight Sundays and therefore felt that I owed it to my parishioners to be there. It was arranged that I take a chartered plane to Montgomery after the morning service and lead the march out of Selma, walking with a group for three or four hours, and take the chartered flight back in order to be on hand for the Communion Service at 7:30 p.m.

When Governor Wallace issued his ban on the march, it was my view and that of most of my associates that the state troopers would deal with the problem by arresting all of the people in the line. We never imagined that they would use the brutal methods to which they actually resorted to repress the march. I therefore concluded that if I were arrested it would be impossible for me to get back to the evening service to administer the Lord's Supper and Baptism. Because of this situation, my staff urged me to stay in Atlanta and lead a march on Monday morning. This I agreed to do. I was prepared to go to jail on Monday but at the same time I would have met my church responsibilities. If I had had any idea that the state troopers would use the kind of brutality they did, I would have felt compelled to give up my church duties altogether to lead the line. It was one of those developments that none of us anticipated. We felt that the state troopers, who had been severely criticized over their terrible acts two weeks earlier even by conservative Alabama papers, would never again engage in this kind of violence. I shall never forget my agony of conscience for not being there when I heard of the dastardly acts perpetrated against nonviolent demonstrators that Sunday. As a result, I felt that I had to lead a march on the following Tuesday and decided to spend Monday mobilizing for it.

The march on Tuesday illustrated the dilemma we often face. Not to try to march again would have been unthinkable. However, whether we were marching to Montgomery or to a limited point within the city limits of Selma could not be determined in advance; the only certain thing was that we had to begin so that a confrontation with injustice would take place, in full view of the millions looking on throughout this nation.

The next question was whether the confrontation had to be a violent one; here the responsibility of weighing all factors and estimating the consequences rests heavily on the civil rights leaders. It is easy to decide on either extreme. To go forward recklessly can have terrible consequences in terms of human life and also can cause friends and supporters to lose confidence if they feel a lack of responsibility exists. On the other hand, it is ineffective to guarantee that no violence will occur by the device of not marching or undertaking token marches avoiding direct confrontation.

WE determined to seek the middle course. We would march until we faced the troopers. We would not disengage until they made clear that they were going to use force. We would disengage then, having made our point, revealing the continued presence of violence, and showing clearly who are the oppressed and who the oppressors, hoping, finally, that the national Administration in Wash-

(*Continued on page 57*)

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The Odyssey

By KENNETH REXROTH

IN ALL THE MELEE on the Trojan plain there is one person who always takes the common-sense point of view. He is cunning, prudent, imperturbable. He always seeks the greatest return for the least expenditure of blood or spirit. This is Odysseus. Among the Levantine Trojans and the Viking-like Greeks caught up in the irrationality of circumstance and broken against their own contradictions, he seems an intruder from another time. And so he is.

The *Iliad* is a symphonic work of art. The double theme with its intense polarity is modulated, retarded, and quickened, yet moves relentlessly to climax and recapitulation. The only devices in the *Odyssey* are flashbacks in time, the narratives within the narrative. They complicate the structure; they do not compound it. The episode with Nausicaa is self-sufficient and is written with such poignancy and clarity that it led Samuel Butler to "prove" that the *Odyssey* was written by Nausicaa herself.

Only a few stories of the various Heroic Ages, those we think of as pre-eminently epic, are concerned with the working out of an inexorable doom, the consequence of sin, folly, and flaws of character in the protagonists. These few are tragedies—the *Nibelungenlied,* several Icelandic sagas, but especially *Burnt Njal,* the tale of Tristan and Iseult, the story of Arthur, Lancelot and Guinevere, and the Irish Cuchulain cycle.

Epics like the *Ramayana, Gilgamesh,* and the story of the Holy Grail are quests. Others, like *Sinbad the Sailor,* are adventure stories. When the latter possess a dramatic structure it is of the sort we would call comic.

The *Odyssey* is a collection of adventures, of little melodramas like the earliest English and Scots ballads, and of folk tales like those in Grimm. The supernatural appears not from Olympus, but on the level of fairy stories and superstitions. In contrast, there is nothing folkloristic about the *Iliad.* Its legendary materials are myths. The *Iliad* never falters in its vision of the gods as personifications of nonhuman forces herding men to their doom. In the *Odyssey* Poseidon is only the unruly and unpredictable sea.

The virtues of Odysseus are not those of a warrior but of a merchant adventurer who has wandered the ancient seas from Gibraltar to the Crimea and the Caucasus and has survived and profited. These virtues are agility, inventiveness, courage, prudence, and persistence. They include neither heroic valor nor civic duty. Odysseus knows neither shame nor guilt.

In the *Odyssey* man is a part of nature. He can outwit nature, learn its secrets, use it. Its personifications are less than human and succumb to human wisdom or cunning. The heroes of the *Iliad* are shaken and thwarted in their courses by vast powers. In the *Odyssey* men are continuously tricked and tempted by *daimons,* by malicious spirits, or by "some god." Odysseus blames a malicious devil when he forgets to wear his cloak on a chilly night. The enchantresses of the *Odyssey* are not archetypes of the grandeur, misery, and ennervation of lust like Helen. They are witches; above all, they are the extravagantly satisfying whores that sailors wander the surface of the planet seeking to this day. Even Nausicaa bears an uncanny resemblance to that good girl the old bo'sun met once in his far-off youth when he wandered into a church social, the girl who took him home to meet the folks.

It is home that haunts the *Odyssey* as it has haunted men in fo'c'sles before

and since. Odysseus, like all sailors, thinks he wants to get home but spends an inordinate time doing it. The keystone lines in the *Odyssey* that compare with Hector's last interview with his wife and child, or Achilles's with Priam, are in praise of marriage, yet they sound suspiciously ironic.

The adventures of the *Odyssey* are fantastic, but their denouement is pure fantasy. Odysseus's return and slaughter of the suitors is the most outlandish thing in Greek literature. No custom like it is known in the mercantile Levant of Homer's time, nor in the similar societies of the South Seas in the recent past. We have no reason to believe that a wife whose husband had abandoned her for twenty years would remain faithful, that she would be persecuted by a mob of suitors who would move into her home and struggle with each other for her hand and consume her substance. Nor has there even been any legal code or custom that would justify the husband in mercilessly slaughtering them all when he showed up incognito after twenty years.

Something does resemble the story—the ever-recurring dream, in barren hotel rooms, crowded barracks, and fo'c'sles, of traveling men, soldiers, and sailors, long away. "Is my wife true to me? What is she doing now? Do they think of me at home? Will my son recognize me when I get back? Are those fellows still pestering my wife? Has she given in to them? Do they hang around the house? Wait till I get back, I'll fix them." As dream and daydream the climax of the *Odyssey* has been a universal experience of wandering husbands; as fact it has not existed. Any seafaring society with such a custom would have exterminated itself.

All the *Odyssey* has a character of dream unlike the stark objectivity of the *Iliad.* The events of the *Iliad* follow each other, bright, swift, sure, and dramatically necessary. The events of the *Odyssey* fade and dissolve, the narrative wanders in time, the pictures are brilliant but they glitter through a mist of reverie—an old sailor musing over the glamour of his past. The texture of the verse is light in the *Odyssey,* the imagery sparkles, but it never loses either its decorative delicacy of detail or its melancholy tone. The *Iliad* is full of the thunder and lightning of the king of gods and men. When there is thunder in the *Odyssey,* it is the thunder of some foolish, one-eyed giant.

The *Odyssey* is entertainment. It is entertainment of the highest order, but it is difficult to imagine anyone saying, "Reading the *Odyssey* changed my life fundamentally." The *Iliad* can be read superficially as entertainment. But if we make ourselves available to it, it confronts us with a vision of the nature of reality and the being of man. The *Iliad* says: This is life, it is tragic, and if it has meaning, that meaning is an incommunicable mystery; it can be presented but never explained. The *Odyssey* says: This is life, it is comic, and it is full of meanings.

Tragedy is a posture; comedy is an activity. If one read enough comedies, they might change one's life fundamentally. Life as comedy can be learned; as tragedy it can only be assumed. Most men are predominantly one type or the other; an individual's view of life is seldom equally balanced between tragedy and comedy. However, the dramatic artists of the world's literature have usually written both; they have realized that there are two faces of the coin of life—on one side the head of an implacable and beautiful god, on the other, a curious animal.

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Books

LITERARY HORIZONS

Thanks for the Sunset

19 Literary Horizons: Granville Hicks reviews "God Bless You, Mr. Rosewater, or Pearls Before Swine," by Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.
20 The Thinking Man's Waste Land, by Saul Bellow
21 Letters to the Book Review Editor
22 Design for Survival, by General Thomas S. Power; The War System, by Bert Cochran; An End to Arms, by Walter Millis
24 Dearest Child: Letters Between Queen Victoria and the Princess Royal, edited by Roger Fulford
25 Bismarck, by Werner Richter
40 A Life in My Hands: An Autobiography, by J. W. Ehrlich. Sam Ward: "King of the Lobby," by Lately Thomas
41 Kepler's Dream, by John Lear
42 The Fire Within, by Pierre Drieu La Rochelle
42 On the Darkening Green, by Jerome Charyn
43 Stories of Hawaii, by Jack London
44 Where Mist Clothes Dream and Song Runs Naked, by Sara
44 *SR*'s Check List of the Week's New Books

MORE than a decade ago Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., published his first novel, *Player Piano,* an unhappy book about the future, somewhat in the vein of Huxley's *Brave New World* and George Orwell's *1984* but a bit closer to contemporary reality. The world it describes is a world in which automation has taken over, dispossessing not only the manual laborers but the white-collar workers as well. The only persons who have anything to do are the engineers; the masses of the people can only choose between different forms of boondoggling. There is a revolt by the miserable, frustrated masses, led by a defecting member of the engineering aristocracy, but it comes to nothing.

Although Vonnegut was serious enough in his warning against automation, he found time for considerable comedy along the way, and the same blend of seriousness and comedy is found in his subsequent work. In *Cat's Cradle* (1963) his theme is the irresponsibility of those scientists who are unconcerned with the consequences of their discoveries. His villain, already in his grave when the book opens, was one of the major contributors to the development of the atom bomb. The novel presents his character through the testimony of his three children, while at the same time it shows the cataclysmic results of one of his postwar researches. In spite of the somber note on which it ends, the book is in large part a hilariously wacky comedy.

God Bless You, Mr. Rosewater, or Pearls Before Swine (Holt, Rinehart & Winston, $4.95) is even wackier. Its chief target is inherited wealth, but, as in his earlier books, Vonnegut takes pot shots at many varieties of folly. He begins with the Rosewater fortune, "the fourteenth largest family fortune in America," which in 1947 "was stashed into a foundation in order that tax-collectors and other predators not named Rosewater might be prevented from getting their hands on it." The presidency of the foundation is hereditary, and the president has complete charge of the spending of the income. The capital, however, is under the control of the Rosewater Corporation, which takes good care of it.

Eliot Rosewater, the first president of the foundation and the son of its founder, Senator Lister Ames Rosewater, tries giving away money to various individuals and causes without much satisfaction. Finally he settles down in the town of Rosewater, Indiana, where the family fortune originated, and devotes himself to helping anyone who wants help. On the windows of his office, a squalid and cluttered room on the main street, is a sign that says, "The Rosewater Foundation: How Can We Help You?" He soon has a large if not altogether savory clientele. Senator Rosewater, who is as conservative as Senator Goldwater and rather more consistent, speaks of Eliot's having "the sniveling camaraderie of whores, malingerers, pimps, and thieves." Vonnegut goes on: "It was the Senator's conceit that Eliot trafficked with criminals. He was mistaken. Most of Eliot's clients weren't brave enough or clever enough for lives of crime. But Eliot, particularly when he argued with his father or his bankers or his lawyers, was almost equally mistaken about who his clients were. He would argue that the people he was trying to help were the same sorts of people who, in generations past, had cleared the forests, drained the swamps, built the bridges, people whose sons formed the backbone of the infantry in times of war—and so on. The people who leaned on Eliot regularly were a lot weaker than that—and dumber, too." Yet Eliot for once feels that he is being useful and is happy.

Attention now shifts to another Rosewater, Fred by name, an insurance salesman in a Rhode Island town, who is a distant cousin of Eliot's. Fred's wife's closest friend is Amanita (*sic*) Buntline, and the introduction of the Buntlines gives Vonnegut another opportunity to gibe at the idle rich. One of Mrs. Buntline's maids writes a friend: "What gets me most about these people isn't how ignorant they are, or how much they drink. It's the way they have of thinking that everything nice in the world is a gift to the poor people from them or their ancestors. The first afternoon I was here, Mrs. Buntline made me come out on the back porch and look at the sunset. So I did, and I said I liked it very much, but she kept waiting for me to say something else. I couldn't think of what else I was supposed to say, so I said what seemed like a dumb thing. 'Thank you very much,' I said. That was exactly what she was waiting for. 'You're entirely welcome,' she said."

An ambitious and unprincipled young lawyer has learned that, if Eliot is declared insane, his position as president of the foundation goes to his nearest Rosewater relative—who is, of course, poor Fred the insurance agent. Litiga-

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tion begins, and the Senator calls in a science fiction writer named Trout, whom Eliot admires. "What you did in Rosewater County," Trout tells Eliot, "was far from insane. It was quite possibly the most important social experiment of our time, for it dealt on a very small scale with a problem whose queasy horrors will eventually be made worldwide by the sophistication of machines. The problem is this: How to love people who have no use." Later he says to Senator Rosewater, "It seems to me that the main lesson Eliot learned is that people can use all the uncritical love they can get."

Thus Vonnegut comes back to the problem that bothered him in *Player Piano*, the problem of a world that has been relieved from the curse of Adam, so that people no longer have to earn their bread in the sweat of their faces. One thing one may say is that the situation may be worse than he envisages, for, in the society of the near future, the persons who are expendable as producers will be essential as consumers. But of course Vonnegut is not an economist or a sociologist; he is a moralist and a humorist and a man of imagination.

Vonnegut belongs with the desperate humorists, of whom Joseph Heller, author of *Catch-22*, is the best known. Donald Barthelme, Bruce J. Friedman, and Richard Stern are of that company. John Hawkes can also be funny in the same way, though he has other virtues that are more important. Vonnegut's particular asset is the wildness of his imagination: there is nothing so ridiculous that he cannot make use of it. And, though one doesn't have to regard him as an infallible prophet, he has put his finger on an essential problem of our times. —GRANVILLE HICKS.

FRAZER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT No. 1130

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1130 will be found in the next issue.

XY ZQ NZPQ XY ZQ ANDESX DV

MOXY XSQ FYWPR YT XSYDESX

–XSNX MB QRDANXQR.

QRMXS SNGMPXYO

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1129

Great riches have sold more men than they have bought. —BACON.

The Thinking Man's Waste Land

By SAUL BELLOW

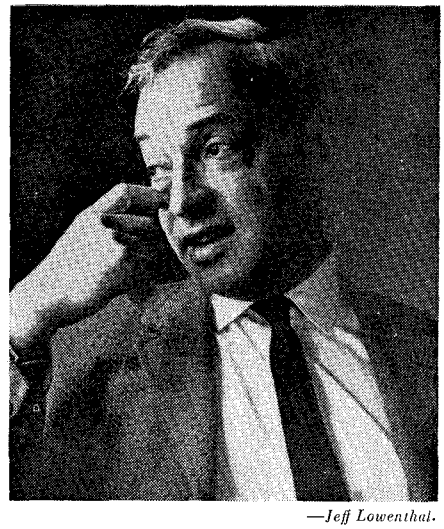
THE FACT that there are so many weak, poor, and boring stories and novels written and published in America has been ascribed by our rebels to the horrible squareness of our institutions, the idiocy of power, the debasement of sexual instincts, and the failure of writers to be alienated enough. The poems and novels of these same rebellious spirits, and their theoretical statements, are grimy and gritty and very boring too, besides being nonsensical, and it is evident now that polymorphous sexuality and vehement declarations of alienation are not going to produce great works of art either.

There is nothing left for us novelists to do but think. For unless we think, unless we make a clearer estimate of our condition, we will continue to write kid stuff, to fail in our function; we will lack serious interests and become truly irrelevant. Here the critics must share the blame. They too have failed to describe the situation. Literature has for generations been its own source, its own province, has lived upon its own traditions, and accepted a romantic separation or estrangement from the common world. This estrangement, though it produced some masterpieces, has by now enfeebled literature.

The separatism of writers is accompanied by the more or less conscious acceptance of a theory of modern civilization. This theory says in effect that modern mass society is frightful, brutal, hostile to whatever is pure in the human spirit, a waste land and a horror. To its ugliness, its bureaucratic regiments, its thefts, its lies, its wars, and its cruelties, the artist can never be reconciled.

This is one of the traditions on which literature has lived uncritically. But it is the task of artists and critics in every generation to look with their own eyes. Perhaps they will see even worse evils, but they will at least be seeing for themselves. They will not, they cannot permit themselves, generation after generation, to hold views they have not examined for themselves. By such willful blindness we lose the right to call ourselves artists; we have accepted what we ourselves condemn—narrow specialization, professionalism, and snobbery, and the formation of a caste.

And, unfortunately, the postures of this caste, postures of liberation and independence and creativity, are attractive to poor souls dreaming everywhere of a fuller, freer life. The writer is admired, the writer is envied. But what has he to say for himself? Why, he says, just as writers have said for more than a century, that he is cut off from the life of his own society, despised by its overlords who are cynical and have nothing but contempt for the artist, without a true public, estranged. He dreams of ages when the poet or the painter expressed a perfect unity of time and place, had real acceptance, and enjoyed a vital harmony with his surroundings—he dreams of a golden age. In fact, without the golden age, there is no Waste Land.



—*Jeff Lowenthal.*

Saul Bellow: "Can we do no more than complain?"

Well, this is no age of gold. It is only what it is. Can we do no more than complain about it? We writers have better choices. We can either shut up because the times are too bad, or continue because we have an instinct to make books, a talent to enjoy, which even these disfigured times cannot obliterate. Isolated professionalism is death. Without the common world the novelist is nothing but a curiosity and will find himself in a glass case along some dull museum corridor of the future.

We live in a technological age which seems insurmountably hostile to the artist. He must fight for his life, for his freedom, along with everyone else—for justice and equality, threatened by mechanization and bureaucracy. This is not to advise the novelist to rush immediately into the political sphere. But in the first stage he must begin to exert his intelligence, long unused. If he is to reject politics, he must understand what he is rejecting. He must begin to think, and to think not merely of his own narrower interests and needs.

This essay has been adapted from Saul Bellow's speech accepting the National Book Award for his novel *Herzog*.

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LETTERS TO THE Book Review Editor

Underpinning the Great Society

In his review of my book, *The Abundant Peace* [*SR*, Feb. 20], Louis Walinsky says that we need a growth rate of 4.3 per cent to maintain our rate of increase in productivity and to keep 95 per cent of our workers employed. This I know, and I would agree that productivity *should* increase at a rate of 3.25 per cent annually and that such a rate of increase *should* result in a GNP of $2,170 billion or more by 1999. However, it is a matter of record and not a guess that an average rate of growth of 4.3 per cent has not been achieved over the last ten years. The long-range rate is 3.5 per cent. Consequently, not being an economist, I could not project a higher rate, though I will be disappointed if my projection of 3.5 per cent is not exceeded by a substantial amount.

Nor did I suggest that we should wait for thirty-five years to eliminate poverty and deprivation in the United States. In fact, the trends I projected would eliminate poverty long before 1999. I hoped that this would be evident, and that others would react as Mr. Walinsky did with the obvious conclusion that a small increase in the share of income going to the lowest fifth of the population could solve our problem of poverty in the relatively near future. My awareness of the significance of income distribution in our economy is reflected in my emphasis on the role of marketing in the next decades. Our opportunities for growth depend in part on our ability to increase the share of total production that can be purchased by those who are now in the lower income groups, and it is possible that the current trends will bend in that direction. . . .

It was not my objective to make a prediction, but simply to see what would result if the trends since 1929 did repeat themselves. I know they won't . . . but if I have directed attention to the areas in which they should be adjusted, that is all I intended. . . .

Though Mr. Walinsky may be right about my technical underpinning, his specific examples don't make that point. They do make more clear the meaning of *The Abundant Peace*, which has to do with: (1) the comparative levels of growth in the USA and the USSR; and (2) the opportunities there are in the USA for achieving a Great Economy, which may be a necessary underpinning for a truly Great Society.

Robert C. Garretson.

Cleveland, O.

Uncharmed

There is a measure of justification for David Dempsey's wail about poetry prizes in The Publishing Scene [*SR*, March 13], but he . . . confuses the National Institute of Arts and Letters and the American Academy of Arts and Letters with other prize-giving institutions. He notes that cash prizes are going chiefly to aged poets. "The American Academy of Arts and Letters," he says, "does even better by our senior citizens. The average age of all Academy fellows in poetry at the time of their appointment has been not quite seventy-two years. Edgar Lee Masters got his $5,000 fellowship at seventy-seven, and Edwin Markham at eighty-five." Of course, Mr. Dempsey is thinking about fellowships conferred by the Academy of American Poets. The older Academy of Arts and Letters and its parent body, the Institute, do not appoint fellows in poetry. If they did, both Masters and Markham would have been ineligible, since both were members of the Institute, which *does not make cash awards to its own members.*

That last is an important point, and Mr. Dempsey—having said in another paragraph that the National Institute of Arts and Letters is part of a charmed circle of prize givers and prize receivers—should be asked to write it ten times on the blackboard. The Institute, which is limited by its charter to 250 members, and the Academy, which is limited to fifty, chosen from the membership of the Institute, have been generous with awards to artists, writers, and composers. Each year they give out more than $60,000, mostly in the form of Arts and Letters Grants that now amount to $2,500 each. Poets receive their share of the money, in some years as much as $10,000 or more to three or four recipients. But none of the recipients can be a member of the Institute.

Applications for grants from the Institute cannot be considered; the Grants Committees act on their own initiative. The average age of poets who receive grants would be less than forty; some are older, some considerably younger. If there is a charmed circle of prize-giving and prize-receiving poets, the National Institute of Arts and Letters asks to be declared out of it.

Malcolm Cowley.

Stanford, Calif.

Repulsed

May I be permitted to thank Eleanor Perry for suggesting in her review of Harris Downey's *The Key to My Prison* [*SR*, Feb. 27] that the word sensitivity be legislated out of our language. This suggests many other words almost equally repulsive: expertise as a substitute for that good word skill; triggering things instead of starting them, and always, always evaluating instead of appraising or judging.

This list is too long for a short letter, but does, I hope, leave room for that crumpled pack of cigarettes from which our hero "selects" a cigarette. How can he do this from a pack in which every cigarette is uniform in size, shape, and content, is one of those mysteries. Then there is the use of the word drapes (a verb) for draperies (a noun in even the most up-dated dictionary).

Some writers, to show their profound knowledge of interior architecture, speak of Adams fireplaces. This would certainly be offensive to the Adam brothers and is annoying to readers of sensibility and taste, even when such sensibility and taste is not exquisite.

Jeanne Judson.

New York, N.Y.

"There ought to be a law" to prevent book reviews like Eleanor Perry's. . . . Your reviewer complains about the prose style of the main character, . . . Since when are psychotics supposed to have a good prose style?

I wouldn't mind a little more "exquisite sensitivity" from reviewers. It might enable them to write with "perception."

Florence Hamlin.

St. Louis, Mo.

Call an Erigena an Erigena

In the last paragraph of his very interesting and perceptive review of Jorge Luis Borges's *Other Inquisitions* [*SR*, Mar. 13], Emile Capouya states that in the passage quoted I, the translator, have insisted "on calling Duns Scotus 'Erigena.' " The fact is that, true to Mr. Borges's original, I have simply called an Erigena an Erigena. The paragraph that precedes the quoted passage clearly indicates that the metaphysician referred to is Johannes Scotus Erigena, not John Duns Scotus, from whom he was separated by centuries and ideas.

Ruth L. C. Simms.

Washington, D.C.

Needed: More Droughts

My hat's off to James Drought, who runs his own publishing house, peddles his own books and advertises them in the newspapers [*SR*, Feb. 27]. . . .

If you aren't a sex sensationalist (Harold Robbins) an existentialist (Camus) or a way-out (Samuel Beckett) or a Southern mystique (Faulkner) or a Jewish writer (Malamud) a new writer hasn't got the chance of a snowball in hell. . . .

Irene Saylor.

Elizabethtown, Pa.

. . . To think we still have good red-blooded men that have the courage to strike out on their own and climb the ladder the hard way! . . .

Sadie L. Bagat.

Sun City, Ariz.

. . . We should have more like [Drought], and his family.

Mrs. Lee Robison.

Sun City, Ariz.

. . . Mr. Drought calls to mind some of the early pioneers who created this country and made it great. . . .

C. J. Baumgartner.

Sun City, Ariz.

. . . Is [Drought's] literary talent worthy of all this other endeavor on his part? I am sufficiently curious, after reading Mr. Haskel Frankel's article, to purchase a book by Drought and find out!

Mrs. Daniel Wenc.

West Chicago, Ill.

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Staying Alive to Solve the Problems

***Design for Survival,** by General Thomas S. Power (Coward-McCann. 255 pp. $5), **The War System,** by Bert Cochran (Macmillan. 274 pp. $5.95), and **An End to Arms,** by Walter Millis (Atheneum. 301 pp. $5.95), restate the primacy of the problem of war and peace in a thermonuclear age. Kenneth W. Thompson's books include "Political Realism and the Crisis of World Politics."*

By KENNETH W. THOMPSON

IN THE concluding days of World War II, and throughout the Forties, warnings were repeatedly sounded that mankind stood on the threshold of extinction. Sometime during the Fifties a reaction set in against these Jeremiads of doom and the apocalypse. A revolution in thought and institutions seemed largely irrelevant to the main business of war and peace. How could anyone defend stronger peace-keeping organizations when the international community proved unwilling to use to the limit institutions like the United Nations fashioned after World War II? Was it not clear that peace rested on a balance of terror? Could there be any doubt that its working formula was resistance to aggression at its source? Nation-states who twice before had failed to halt expansionism now girded themselves to meet the challenge before the aggressor's appetite had fed on success. Time and again the spread of Soviet influence was checked less by new thoughts than by an old-fashioned balance of power. The tools of diplomats and soldiers resembled the past more than the future.

Meanwhile the agenda of national life burgeoned with unresolved issues. If man was to build a "Good Society," how long could he neglect education, civil rights, medical care, the plight of the aged, and the poverty in our midst? Were there not problems of hunger, the population explosion, and cultural enrichment within national boundaries as urgent as the threat of war, and demonstrably more capable of solution? A winter of discontent engulfed mankind's will to think about mutual destruction and to act boldly to forestall it.

The value of these three studies is their forceful restatement of the primacy of the war and peace problem. On this premise, if no other, there is unanimity between General Thomas S. Power, retired Chief of Staff of the Strategic Air Command; Bert Cochran, research director of a labor organization, and Walter Millis, director of the Fund for the Republic's study of demilitarization. Other urgent questions facing mankind pale in comparison. For instance, Millis writes: "The population problem may contain the seeds of destruction. The war problem does contain more than the seeds; it has brought into existence the actual physical instruments of . . . [total] destruction." In General Power's view, the fundamental issue transcending every other concern is "the continually growing threat to our survival as a sovereign nation." For Mr. Cochran, the fear of a nuclear war remains in the forefront of people's minds to the extent they face reality.

Yet each authority gives different content to his statement of the problem. Each defines the nature of the threat to mankind's survival in his own terms. General Power sees it as militant Communism, which endangers freedom and will destroy the United States unless we maintain overwhelming military superiority. Mr. Cochran defines the threat as the existence of a war system fostered by a military establishment containing the "ringleaders and provocateurs in the arms race." Mr. Millis concludes that we are endangered by the present system of international politics with its accompanying arms race among militarized nation-states. Aggressor states are for Millis symptoms rather than causes. Thus, for example, "it was not Hitler who was basically at fault. It was the system that had made him possible, that had produced him and had no answer." What threatens peace and, in our time, survival is "the internal rise of military-populistic dictatorships . . . born out of the military factors, military principles and military organizations that underlay the organization of all of them."

Each approach to the present crisis carries its own plausibility. As General Power remarks, a nation that calls on its military leaders to assure national security can ill afford to ignore the requirement to be "continually prepared to destroy any aggressor's strategic resources, both military and industrial, to the point where he would no longer have the capacity or will to wage war." To fulfill this mission, SAC's annual operating expense by November 1964 was $2.1 billion, almost $6 million per day or $240,000 per hour. What civilian can with confidence refute General Power's assertion that "the combination of manned and unmanned weapon systems, in a properly balanced and well-coordinated mixed force, insures a war-winning capacity . . .?" It is reassuring to learn that "the Soviets do not have the capability to attain such a victory because of the unbalance of their forces . . . Nor will they ever have that capability as long as we . . . maintain our overwhelming superiority in strategic warfare." Yet, cost considerations aside, doubt begins to creep in when General

"An ulcer? What is my wife going to say?"

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Power predicts that nuclear weapons will "become a conventional tool of warfare," and concern when he declares that, "putting aside all the fancy words and academic doubletalk, the basic reason for having a military viewpoint is to do two jobs--to kill people and to destroy the works of man."

If most of us assume that security requires military preparedness, Mr. Cochran, by contrast, warns that the price is proving too high. He sees the republic "in the grip of something new in our history: a military caste presiding over a permanent establishment, and disposing of unheard-of largesse, which defines national problems in terms of military reality and disqualifies other definitions as unavailable and unrealistic." A Gargantuan military enclave has become a fourth branch of government, alongside the traditional legislative, executive, and judicial departments. The war establishment originates in "the social needs of organized states; but once set up, it lives a life of its own." As a bureaucracy arbitrating questions of life and death for the state, it extends its influence, augments its power, and makes itself indispensable. By yielding to militarism "in the 1950s, for the first time in her history, the United States succumbed to the fate she narrowly avoided in 1900 and in 1919."

AND, against the honest dissent of sincere and dedicated military leaders like General Power who have a healthy respect for civilian control, Mr. Cochran quotes another General, who in his farewell address as President Eisenhower warned that the combination of a permanent armaments industry and an immense military establishment constitutes a threat to the "very structure of our society" and that "the potential for the disastrous rise of misplaced power exists and will persist." Of a grand total of five million federal employees, Mr. Cochran finds that more than three and a half million are working for the Defense Department. The Pentagon is the largest office building in the world. The annual military budget is greater than the annual net income of all the corporations in the country. This underlies President Eisenhower's statement that the military "influence—economic, political, even spiritual—is felt in every city, every state, every house, every office of the federal government."

Mr. Millis, who has more in common with Mr. Cochran than with General Power, asserts that "the United States may be secure today because it maintains a capacity to annihilate the Russians if they attack; but it is even more secure because the Russians could gain nothing of consequence by a military attack in the first place." Power is the ability to influence or determine decisions by others. The great disputes in the Cold War, and more recently between Russia and China, France and the United States, are at bottom "a quarrel about power." However, the irrational character of nuclear power as the ultimate arbiter has forced the great nations to bow to necessity. They continue their rivalries for influence, but, given the suicidal character of nuclear war, neither side can dominate the other. Both recognize the limits of power as exercised in a system of international politics of sovereign nation-states that has been made obsolete by thermonuclear weapons. Caution and restraint are practiced not from greater virtue but because states have been forced to adapt their policies to an emerging international order where war is no longer a rational instrument of foreign policy.

MR. Millis discovers that the superpowers have taken a first, hesitant step into a new demilitarized system of international politics more in keeping with reality. "The test-ban treaty has given us our first small inkling of the truth: it is only as such technical issues as detectability of energy release or similar comparative military factors become irrelevant in international politics that advance toward demilitarization will become possible." It represents a tacit recognition that nothing can be gained from piling nuclear weapons upon nuclear weapons.

Significantly, all three writers conclude that so far every disarmament scheme has been stillborn because one or the other side had more to gain or lose from each. Only General Power is fearful that American security has been jeopardized by the test ban, which he opposed because "the Soviets had developed and detonated nuclear weapons of far higher yield than we had, and while the treaty, which still permitted underground testing, gave them the chance to catch up with our lead in small-yield nuclear weapons, it retarded our efforts to catch up with their lead in the high-yield area." President Kennedy made the historic on-balance judgment that more was to be gained than lost by the treaty, a judgment that only a civilian leader can be expected to make.

Both Mr. Millis and Mr. Cochran are skeptical about general disarmament now, and they recite the melancholy history of the attempts. Mr. Millis can write that "it is impossible today to draft a generally acceptable disarmament treaty . . . ," while foreseeing changes growing out of the revolution in weapons systems that will make possible a draft constitution for a demilitarized world. Leaders will by the 1980s modify old and cherished concepts that no longer seem applicable. Rivalries will shift increasingly to non-military spheres. Since "neither the Communist East nor the democratic West is ever going to organize the globe on its own exclusive pattern," Millis believes they will agree to a supranational, veto-free authority, with powers defined by the Security Council, whose primary function will be to secure observance of a general disarmament treaty and police the prohibition against armed territorial aggression. The draft treaty will be submitted to the states for agreement, and Millis predicts they will approve because conditions by then will commend a demilitarized world. He goes on to prophesy concerning the shape of problems induced by internal changes in countries like Brazil, and South Africa, and suggests ways the new international order will cope with them.

Thus for Millis the hope of survival hangs on gradual changes leading to a demilitarized world. However, for the present our responsible statesmen have no alternative but the pursuit of security through the safeguarding of national interests. They must pay heed to forces and tendencies running counter to the rational world Millis envisages. Yet history will hold them accountable if by too narrow a military outlook they foreclose a brighter day. It is worth remembering that a supreme realist, the late Winston S. Churchill, who so vividly defined the threat of revolutionary Communism, held open the prospect of a more stable international order where national armaments would be controlled. Realism is more than either militarism or utopianism. It is resoluteness in the face of all the facts.

A View from the Bridge

By Ernest Kroll

ONE of those Chesapeake days
When a ship, on a bay of brass,
Sat in a fine salt haze
As if it never would pass
The cape; viewed from the stern,
Its single screw achurn
Braided a wake; and though
We did not see it go
Forward, it finally faded.

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Her Daughter, the Princess

Dearest Child: Letters Between Queen Victoria and the Princess Royal, *edited by Roger Fulford (Holt, Rinehart & Winston. 401 pp. $5.95), reveal a solid, loving, middle-class Englishwoman who by a quirk of fate was the British monarch. Marghanita Laski is the author of "The Victorian Chaise-Longue."*

By MARGHANITA LASKI

FOR AT least twice a week for over forty years Queen Victoria wrote to her daughter, the Princess Royal, who was married to the nephew of King Frederick William IV of Prussia, and for a brief time Empress of Germany. The Queen and "Papa" much enjoyed a cheerful visit to the theater, and these visits, like other domestic and public activities, together with family gossip about babies and governments, helped to swell the enormous budget of the Queen's correspondence with her Vicky. Of this correspondence, hitherto almost all unpublished, Roger Fulford has made a selection from 1858, when Vicky's marriage took place and the seventeen-year-old Princess left England for Prussia, up to the death of the Prince Consort on 14 December 1861. This selection, with many cuts in the letters, still makes a book of some 400 pages, individually interesting and often touching, cumulatively valuable and absorbing.

In this correspondence the Queen is presented as a woman, as a wife and mother, as we have never before so intimately seen her. She had often known loneliness: a lonely girlhood, brought up, as she puts it, "very humbly at Kensington Palace"; a necessarily lonely womanhood, with a husband who, whatever his other perfections, could not enter into all her emotions: "He seldom can in my very violent feelings." (In fact, as we know from other sources, to try to teach Victoria to control her "very violent feelings" was one of the Prince's most persistent and exhausting endeavors.) But now, in a married daughter, she at last had an intimate friend to whom she could pour out all and beg for the sympathy she felt she richly deserved. "Now do enter into this in your letters," she writes time and again, as she reveals yet another aspect of a "life of difficulties."

Of these, the difficulties she most resented were the burdens of being a woman—"our poor degraded sex . . . born for man's pleasure and amusement, and destined to go through endless sufferings and trials." Some of these insinuations were, perhaps, merely conventional; it has been said that many of the diary entries which Princess Beatrice burnt after her mother's death referred, as the Princess thought, too frankly to the delights of marital life. But it is certain the Queen hated and resented pregnancy—"being caught," she calls it, as many a working-class mother still does. When her daughter tells her that she is *enceinte*, the Queen writes, "The horrid news . . . upset us dreadfully," and later: "What you say of the pride of giving life to an immortal soul is very fine, dear, but I own I cannot enter in to that: I think more of our being like a cow or dog at such moments."

No man, she maintains, not even Albert, realizes what women have to go through in marriage. "Men ought to have an adoration for one, and indeed do everything to make up, for what after all they alone [!] are the cause of," but "Papa would never enter into it all!" We learn that she suffered most at the birth of her second child, the Prince of Wales, and must wonder whether this had any relevance to her deep and sustained dislike for him, which pervades these letters. "Oh! Bertie alas! alas! That is too sad a subject to enter on." But she must often enter on it, for much of the correspondence is taken up with the problem of finding him a suitable wife, and possible princesses are listed, discussed, examined from all points of view, not excluding genetic ones.

—*From the book.*

Queen Victoria with the Princess Royal—"a life of difficulties."

It is probably true, as the Prince Consort (and the Prussians) felt, that she wrote too often, tried too hard to retain control and influence over a daughter who now belonged to another nation. But we, as we read, enter totally into her feelings and her points of view. Of course, it would be better for the Princess—and the Prussians—if they took more exercise and opened more windows: "Air, air is what you need." (This insistence on fresh air seems to have been the only healthful advice derived from the Queen's doctor, Sir James Clark, who, having misdiagnosed Keats and messed up the Lady Flora Hastings situation, then failed to save—to put it mildly—the Queen's husband.) How foolish of foreigners to neglect their stomachs and their bowels. How reasonable to be alarmed by the sight of a professor or a learned man. Certainly amateurs should stick to water colors, which one can keep in portfolios, and eschew oils: "What can one do with all one's productions?" Yet how surprising to find her supporting gayer Sundays: "I am not at all an admirer or approver of our very dull Sundays, for I think the absence of innocent amusement for the poor people a misfortune and an encouragement of vice."

With all her arrogance, her stupidities, and her prejudices, what a decent, solid, loving, middle-class Englishwoman she reveals herself, writing away in her decent, middle-class, often oddly colloquial English; where did she learn it, with a German mother, governess, husband? This correspondence (and we must hope for more of it) has the compelling quality of the best Victorian domestic novels, and the death that ends the book is more than unbearably sad; it is tragic. With the publication of these letters, Queen Victoria attains the kind of personal reality "on the pulse" that Mrs. Gaskell gave to Charlotte Brontë.

In everything but details of text Mr. Fulford has done a beautiful editing job. He has provided good illustrations, just enough notes for clarity, just enough of the other side of the correspondence. Reasonably, he has omitted the Queen's distracting underlinings, though sight of a sample would have been helpful. But one cannot feel that in reproducing hitherto unpublished letters, "the convenience of the reader" should have been the "single consideration" which guided him. Omissions of phrases should certainly have been indicated, and so should his translations of the Queen's German. The publication of such material as this is always of potential interest to lexicographers, who must not be left unsure which words and phrase were in the original.

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Doubt Came Too Late for Germany

***Bismarck,** by Werner Richter, translated from the German by Brian Battershaw (Putnam. 448 pp. $6.95), concentrates on the Iron Chancellor's complexes as well as his achievements. Louis L. Snyder, professor of history at The City University of New York, is the author of "From Bismarck to Hitler."*

By LOUIS L. SNYDER

MANY books have been written about Bismarck, easily Germany's most interesting national hero. The biographies vary from the sugary panegyrics of Prussian professor-patriots to the smart-alecky polemics of the English gadfly school of historiography. Doctoral candidates in Germany have written scores of dissertations on every conceivable phase of Bismarck's life, and Emil Ludwig set a vogue with his psychological study, *Bismarck: The Story of a Fighter*. The squire of Schönhausen deserves the attention.

An experienced journalist, Werner Richter is known in Europe and America as the biographer of Emperor Frederick III, Crown Prince Rudolf, King Ludwig of Bavaria, as well as of Abraham Lincoln and George Washington. He is a gifted writer who combines the abilities of journalist and historian (he received his doctorate in history at the University of Kiel). As historian he is at home in the political intricacies of the Bismarckian era, and as journalist he gives a superb portrait of the statesman who shaped the policy of his country in the second half of the nineteenth century and who helped determine the destiny of Europe in World Wars I and II.

Richter recapitulates the well-known skeletal framework of Bismarck's career: youth, squire, counterrevolutionary, ambassador, leap to power, the three wars of national unification (1864, 1866, 1870-1871), the *Kulturkampf* (struggle against the Catholic Church), the anti-Socialist campaign, the Bismarckian treaty system, quarrel with William II, dropping the pilot (1890), and the bitter end. But Richter gives us a fresh look at the familiar career. He concentrates on Bismarck's complexes and neuroses, as well as his policies and achievements. He shows the chancellor as neurotic, high-strung, intuitive and shrewd. He describes the Junker statesman as a "born exploiter of other men's weaknesses or misjudgments," and as a leader who could use public fears as a political weapon. It is a three-dimensional, altogether absorbing portrait.

The writing is first-rate and the translation excellent:

> Only when he could not sleep—and this happened in two nights out of three—he would wander through the house in his dressing gown. Everything that he had achieved in his life was, during those hours, clothed in the evening mist of doubt, his failures surrounded him like a crowd of eager beggars. Impotent rage tortured him, and hatred of those who had hindered him in the completion of his edifice and whom he now saw engaged through sheer ignorance in destroying it.

Bismarck was, indeed, a classic hater; he conceived hatred to be as great an incentive to life as love. "My life," he said, "is preserved and made pleasant by two things—my wife and Windhorst [leader of the Catholic Center Party]. One exists for love, the other for hate." To this was added a kind of primitive cruelty. In 1871 he ordered Prussian troops to fire on starving women and children from Paris who approached the besieging soldiers. "Corpses," he said, "need no shelter or food. France's African troops, the Turcos and Zouaves, should be killed out of hand, and all *franctireurs* [partisans] should be hanged."

Among the more accurate judgments of Bismarck was that made by his most persistent enemy at court, Victoria, daughter of the Queen of England, wife of Frederick III, and mother of William II. It was a biting analysis: "Bismarck always wants the Germans to feel that they would be attacked, ill-used, insulted, betrayed and sold to their enemies, were he not there to protect them. . . . I am sick of a system that uses base means, even if it is serviceable to so great a man. Certainly he is a patriot and a genius, but brutal and cynical."

Richter presents Bismarck as an opportunist who cut his coat according to whatever cloth a given situation happened to provide. It was only in the broadest sense that he had a plan for the future. The author denounces as far from the truth the "legend in the school textbooks which represents Bismarck as building day by day and brick by brick the edifice which came into being in 1871. Bismarck never had at any time more than a very general idea of what he sought ultimately to achieve."

This conclusion is precisely the opposite of that held by another Bismarck biographer, Erich Eyck, who declares

(Continued on page 40)

—From the book.

Photograph from Putbus (Rügen) taken in 1866. Front Row: Princess Putbus, Bismarck, Countess Rantzau, neé von Bismarck. Back Row: Count Archambaud-Talleyrand, Prince Putbus, Countess Johanna von Bismarck, Count Moritz Lottum, Frau von Romberg.

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Rattling Good History

LAST MONTH's three-day conference of Peace Corps returnees was a high-hearted, productive, even historic gathering. From all over the country more than 1,000 Peace Corps alumni, "returned veterans" of two years' service abroad, came streaming into Washington to exchange reminiscences, to talk about their job futures, and in general to consider the prospect now before them.

By the time the conference ended, it was beginning to dawn on even the most grudging onlooker that the Peace Corps veterans—who should number at least 50,000 by 1970—are going to be an inspiriting force in our national life.

Unfortunately, the newspapers tended to play up the conferees' fears and doubts, instead of their ebullience and hopefulness. The returnees were, the press intimated, a frustrated, discontented lot, who found themselves all unnerved at being confronted by (as one paper put it) zip codes, digit-dialing, pop-top beer cans, and supercilious job interviewers.

Many readers thus got the impression that the State Department's vast auditorium, where the plenary sessions were held, had been transformed by the Peace Corps veterans into a sort of biblical Cave of Adullam, into which entered "everyone that was in distress . . . and everyone that was discontented."

Actually, the atmosphere in the auditorium was one of verve, confidence, and high good humor. In fact, the opening speeches by Corps director Sargent Shriver and Vice President Humphrey evoked such volleys of laughter that one middle-aged journalist expressed fear for the building's safety, on the grounds that State Department auditoriums are engineered to withstand everything but laughter.

It soon became evident, however, that this was to be a serious conference, if not a somber one. For, as the speakers pointed out, the Peace Corps returnee is quite a special person in our history. We have never before had among us many thousands of Americans, most of them in their twenties, who have undergone the "cultural shock" of living with the people of unindustrialized countries in terms of intimacy, equality, and spine-cracking, side-by-side labor.

Granted the tonic effect of this overseas service, what did the returnees now intend to do with themselves? How would they find their way back into a culture that is bafflingly complex even for those who have not been away from it for two years?

Such questions enlivened the panel sessions, which were held over the next two days. At these meetings the returnees talked frankly with guest observers about their feelings on labor, government, the local community, the schools, business, and other aspects of American life.

Most of the observers felt the returnees did indeed have something special to offer, *e.g.*, personal flexibility, empathy with people of different backgrounds, a renewed appreciation of democratic institutions, and optimism about the possibility of change for the better. As one volunteer put it, "I feel a new ease with immigrant or bicultural communities which I could not have felt had I not served overseas."

The panels also turned up a fine collection of individualists, dissenters, and cross-grain types who not only had black thoughts about the conference itself, but also had black second thoughts about our needing a Peace Corps at all. Inevitably, there were a few corridor orators, one of whom kept complaining "But it all seems so *strange* after Africa. All these buildings and people—I just can't seem to *connect*." (Which prompted one guest observer to mutter, "Hard cheese, old chap.")

The rebellious note continued on into the last plenary session, during which a determined young woman advanced on the podium at Sargent Shriver's invitation and readministered to Shriver the dressing-down she had already given him and the Corps in private. And in a final display of collective individuality, the "alumni" voted down a proposal that they set up a national returnees' organization; the feeling being that such a group might get hardening of the veins, and end up as a log-rolling, job-exchanging fraternity of conformists.

What emerged from the conference, overall, was the sense that the Peace Corps is causing a remarkable group of people to surface in our midst. Listening to them talk, one could understand President Johnson's comment, "Thomas Hardy said war makes rattling good history, but that peace is poor reading . . . [but] the Peace Corps [has] made the pursuit of peace rattling good history."

In one sense, of course, the returnees are simply healthy young Americans who look, as John Mason Brown once said of Helen Hayes, "radiantly average." In another sense, they are quite exceptional, for their very special sort of life among other peoples has given most of them a stereoscopic, in-the-round view of their country's institutions that many a politician or sociologist will envy.

At the very least, therefore, the Peace Corps returnees constitute a fine labor pool for any school, business, or government agency in need of people who are at ease in the intercultural dimension. And at their best the returnees are a benevolent army, equipped to challenge our most basic ideas and institutions and force them to ever higher levels of excellence.

Anyone who doubts their determination should consider these words, written by Peace Corpsman David Crozier in a letter mailed to his parents just before he died in a plane crash, "Should it come to it, I had rather give my life trying to help someone than to give my life looking down a gun barrel at them."

—HALLOWELL BOWSER.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

The War on Words

THE PRESENT CRISIS in Vietnam has, among other things, served to undermine the English language. While English teachers are attempting to show the unity of ideas and words, the Washington spokesmen are tearing down the very meaning of the language. An Alice-in-Wonderland atmosphere has been produced by the propagandists in our nation's capital.

American soldiers, thousands of miles away from home, are fighting for "defense" of their homeland. Vietnamese, both in the South and in the North, who are fighting the Americans are called "aggressors." For a while the American pilots who carried the bombs and napalm for the annihilation of Vietnamese villages were merely "advisers." (Has any newspaper ever carried an item about one of our "advisers" giving "advice" *against* dropping the bombs?)

We still cling to the idea that a "friendly government" in Vietnam requested our aid —even though that government and many others have long since gone into oblivion. Our definition of the "free world" includes not only Franco and Salazar and Chiang Kai-shek but also the military dictators who have been running South Vietnam.

Perhaps the American people have become so accustomed to lies and evasions concerning the U-2 incident and the Bay of Pigs that we are expected to accept euphemisms such as "police action" and "escalation" and "retaliation." The hard facts that the Vietnamese people themselves want us out of South Vietnam and that the Viet guerrillas have the overwhelming support of the villagers are to be forgotten. All Viet actions against us have become "sneak attacks" and "terrorism" in our daily press.

It may well be that our Washington phrase-mongers, rather than the U.N., will manage to achieve world-wide peace. Of course there will still be fighting going on, but one of the Washington geniuses will come up with a phrase like "peace-keeping actions."

BERNARD FORER.

West Chester, Pa.

"Decisions, decisions, decisions"

Double Deadlock

THE LETTER of Professor John J. Agria of Alma College, Michigan [*SR*, Mar. 13], commenting on my article "Can Science Prevent War?" [*SR*, Feb. 20], should have an answer to avert a serious misinterpretation of one of the article's principal points. The list of "misconcepts" prevalent today was introduced in that article with the statement that "old-fashioned power-politics diplomacy is virtually obsolete as a method of settling major disputes." This was amplified by the statement that "because of the unusability of nuclear weapons, we have a military deadlock between the great powers on the major issues," which, in turn, has produced diplomatic deadlock on these issues.

Mr. Agria, by quoting a shorthand reference to this theme, reads into this a quite different statement—that all power politics is dead. He then says that all politics is power politics. His confusion stems from failing to distinguish between the methods and the ends of politics. Of course, as he says, the ultimate objective of politics is power. But we reserve the phrase "power politics" for the use of power as a *method* to attain political objectives, and it is plainly wrong to say that power is the only method available to politics. Suppose A and B are running against each other for the state legislature, and use no methods other than peaceful persuasion of voters. Is this "power politics"? If so, we have lost a useful phrase, and will have to find another one to describe the quite different practice that takes place in the kind of political negotiation in which country A says to country B, "Yield me this disputed territory, or in the end I will bomb you into submission."

Mr. Agria says that power politics can still be "manifested" in "conventional military encounters and in economic and cultural competition." As to nonmilitary competition, there is no disagreement; the article is concerned only with military-backed power politics. As for conventional military encounters, the article did not say that such attempts would not be manifested; it said they would not work. Indeed, it is precisely because they are being manifested, notably in Vietnam, that the article was written. My statement, moreover, was carefully limited to "the major issues," thus leaving aside occasional minor-league examples not affected by the nuclear deadlock. But the reason Vietnam cannot be classed as a minor-league conflict is that we seem to have placed so high a value on the stakes there that escalation into major and even nuclear war cannot be ruled out—and everyone knows it. As a result, the effects of the nuclear deadlock reach back, force us to limit both our military methods and our political objectives, and thus produce the military-political deadlock that we now see in Vietnam. One only wishes that the lesson of the futility of old-fashioned military-backed politics could be learned now, without having to have it proved once again in Vietnam.

ARTHUR LARSON, Director,
World Rule of Law Center,
Duke University.

Durham, N.C.

What Price Dollars?

ANYONE who has ever traveled anywhere abroad with an inquiring mind and an open intellect understands N.C.'s protest: "Far better to have an outflow of dollars abroad than a shrinkage of ideas at home" [*SR*, Mar. 13]. Any restriction of foreign travel, be it forceful prevention or financial discouragement, must inevitably lead to a shrinkage of ideas. Who wants to live in a Great Society if it must have a tiny mind?

M. PABST BATTIN.

Philadelphia, Pa.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

The Callas-Corelli-Gobbi *Tosca*

CYCLES OF SEVEN have long been known to exercise a mystical influence which, when multiplied by the special mystical attraction cast by Maria Callas, produced the kind of hysteria that prevailed when she returned to the Metropolitan Opera for the first time since 1958 in a *Tosca* with Tito Gobbi and Franco Corelli. Between the *haut monde* in the expensive seats and the standees who had endured a forty-eight-hour vigil for their places, the atmosphere was not unlike that of the first game of a World Series, in which the loudest applause is for the foul balls.

There was, in consequence, more than a casual amount of variable singing in the first act and part of the second, as the accumulated excitement inclined to isolate the performers from each other rather than to draw them together. But when the moment of reckoning approached and the temperature of the drama rose, it induced the wanted fusion, especially when Corelli as Cavaradossi had been dragged off and the stage was left to Callas and Gobbi.

Adroitly, expertly, skilled by long experience together, they played to each other's strength till it was no longer Callas and Gobbi but Tosca and Scarpia in their immemorial contest. Inevitable as the outcome had to be, when the curtain fell on her stumbling figure backing out the door from the room where Scarpia lay dead, everybody knew why Callas is Callas.

This was no sudden spurt to the finish line for a dramatic effect, but the inexorable period to a long, artfully constructed paragraph of characterization. It had its beginnings in the hostility that bristled in her entrance, her suspicion of a "reason" (female) why Cavaradossi kept her waiting at the chapel door. It turned as quickly to melting tenderness and as suddenly surged to irritation because he was preoccupied and inattentive. By the end of the act, when she was dabbing her eyes in vexation with his seeming deceit, the statement had been clearly made—Floria Tosca was a creature of moods and impulses, as unpredictably apt to chide one who blasphemed before the Madonna as to forgive her own offense, with a vengeful core beneath the overlay of sanctity.

All this is in the text, of course, but not much of it is in the average Tosca, or even those above-average ones who have more beauty of sound to dispose than Callas has, and thus an easier access to audience sensibilities. As she worked on, she left both average and above-average Tosca far behind, as one small detail and then another were woven into her texture of purpose. The best and most original came just where Sardou's play ordained, and Puccini's score confirmed, that it should be.

How Tosca discovers the knife with which she destroys Scarpia is left, mostly, to the individual performer. Callas differed from all the others in the simplest way. She did not discover the knife. The knife discovered her. As she stood at the table, a wine glass at her lips to refresh herself after the tussle with the policeman-lecher, the metal was transformed to a glint in her eyes. A slight hesitation in putting the glass back on the table, a small inclination of the body (nothing gross enough to attract the attention unless one were watching her closely) gave a whisper of the plan forming itself in her mind. It remained but a plan until Scarpia approached; she lunged for the object on the table and in the same motion plunged it into his chest. It was the only way a moody, impulsive, unpredictable Tosca could have done what she had to do, when the vengeful core erupted through the sanctity that enclosed it. Thus was finalized the statement of character which Callas had begun some two hours before.

Of course, during all this time she was singing a good deal, with a vocal resource that seemed under better discipline though with substantially less expressive power than when she was last heard (also as Tosca) on this stage. What seems probable is that Miss Callas has composed her vocal problem by adopting a production that gives her, for this kind of a role, access to all the notes she needs. But it is without question a hard sound, with fewer variations of color and inflection than she once possessed. When it came to straightforward singing, as in "Vissi d'arte," it was neither beautiful nor beguiling. Rather than being the high point of the effort, as it is for some, it was, with Callas, merely an incident (for all the applause it evoked in certain areas). But where others may falter, she excelled, which gave her effort its own inimitable stamp of dramatic authenticity.

For his part, Gobbi was also at his best where it counted most—at the crux of the drama. He was not quite so resolute in his plan as Callas, deviating to a sortie of sound now and then, as at the end of Act I and the beginning of Act II, which confirmed rather than denied that his vocal reservoir is running drier all the time. However, there is so much cunning in his basic plan, so much skill in his visual implementation of it that he, too, can exchange vengefulness for sanctity and make both equally vivid. Indeed, Gobbi even conveys the idea that Scarpia's zest for violence is psychopathic rather than merely wilful, thus completing the equation of conviction.

In this kind of company, Corelli was more often than not merely a tall man with a loud voice, buying audience favor with such childish coin as long-held top notes and, for variety, longer-held top notes. Given his physical advantages and the power of sound he commands, Corelli could make himself a painter-hero of the first rank, but this would take an alteration of attitude for which there is no reasonable hope. There was a moment, during their "love scene" in Act I as Corelli mussed the Callas coiffure more than the text suggests, when it seemed possible that she might have to kill him before she got to Scarpia, but the mood passed. Amid the adult happenings around him, Corelli's rather juvenile approach to the problem marked him as more than a little retarded—though not by conductor Fausto Cleva, who gave the tenor as much latitude for his sins as he did Callas and Gobbi for their virtues.

It was, unquestionably, a night to remember, especially on the next night when *Tosca* seems dull and lacklustre, due to no fault of Sardou, or Illica and Giacosa, who transformed his play into a libretto, or, least of all, Puccini.

THE revolving personnel of the Met's revolving repertory brought with it, during the week, a new Dalila and Amneris from Rumania named Elena Cernei. Her prominent assets are a sound of an appealing, dusky quality through its mid-range and a bright, expanding top, plus sufficient youthfulness to make a plausible figure of her Dalila, even an attractive one of her Amneris. She does not have the solidity at the bottom to make it audible in such a big theater as the Metropolitan, nor is she as yet as assured, dramatically, as one would like to see on this stage. But her merits are sufficient to warrant further attention.

In this hearing of Saint-Saëns's score, Jon Vickers made a striking figure of Samson and performed better, vocally, than he has in a non-German work previously. Both the style and the vocal layout of the part suit him, and he made an especial effect with the pealing pronouncement at the climax of Act II. William Walker was the High Priest. However, the French style in this production has virtually vanished with the replacement, as conductor, of Georges Prêtre with Fausto Cleva.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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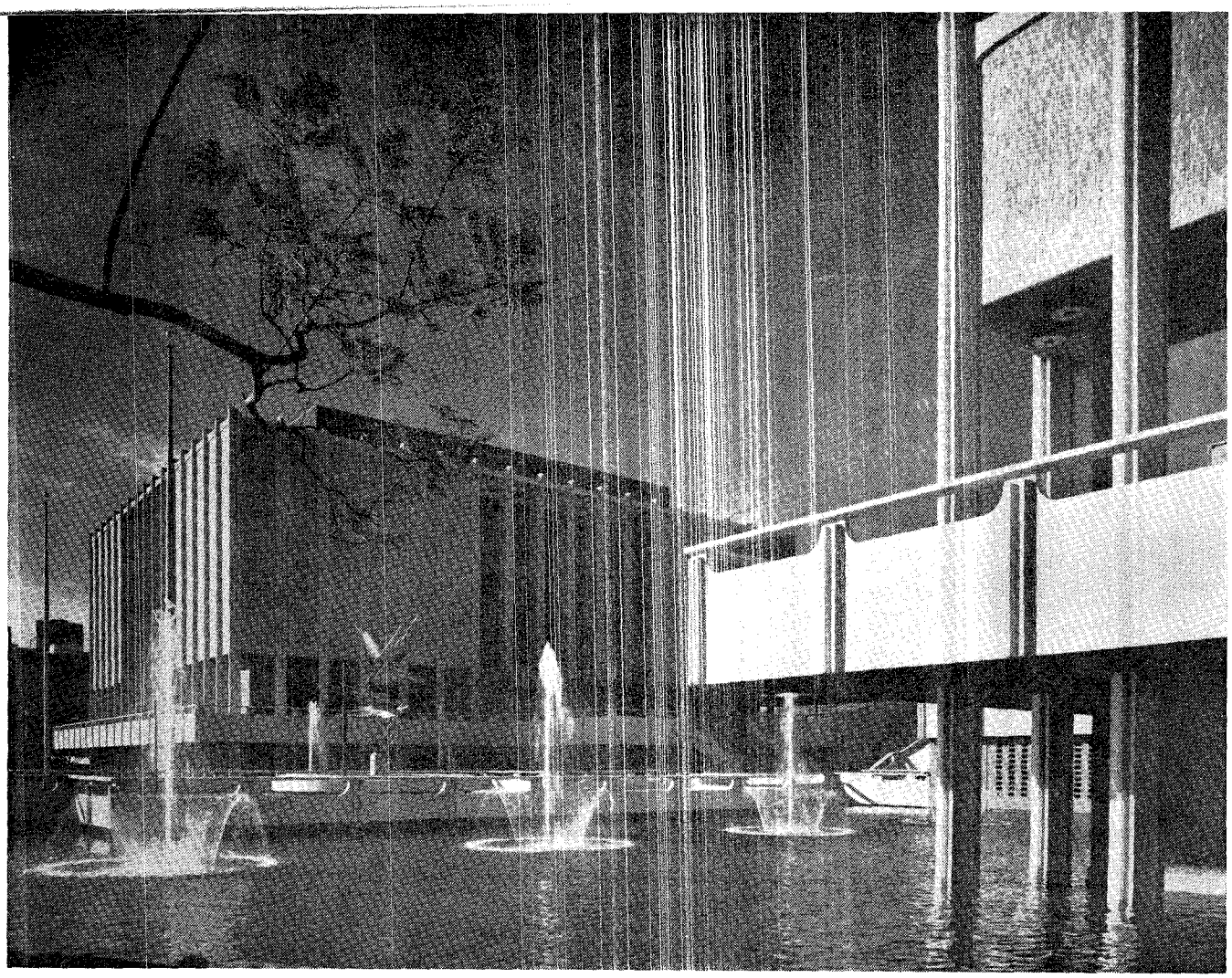

—*Julius Shulman.*

Los Angeles County Museum of Art—a new focus for accomplishment?

Los Angeles: Salute to a New Museum

By KATHARINE KUH

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Even before it opened, the Los Angeles County Museum of Art became front-page news all over the world in connection with the acquisition by the Norton Simon Foundation of Rembrandt's portrait of Titus at a London auction for $2,234,400, and the announcement that the painting would receive its first U.S. showing at the new museum. The following is a report on the museum by* SR*'s art critic.*

LOS ANGELES, its vast metropolitan area sprawling from sea to mountains, is boiling these days with art activity. If less refined than its northern neighbor, San Francisco, it is also less provincial and ingrown. One senses a volcanic potential here, but a potential limited by contradictions. Vulgarity threatens invention; quantity often overwhelms quality; nature, still opulent though fast losing ground, battles man-made banalities. Characteristic is Wilshire Boulevard, that tarnished golden artery where Hollywood and Edward Durell Stone, a favorite influence in this area, join forces in an unlikely alliance. A recent Stone building features faked painted windows, outpacing even filmland's artificiality.

Opening this week on the same frenetic boulevard is Los Angeles's new County Art Museum, the largest American gallery to be erected since the National Gallery was completed in Washington twenty-four years ago. Distinguished by three pavilion-like structures set on an open sculpture plaza and surrounded by reflecting pools, the museum is eminently suited to the climate and landscape of Southern California. On one side it faces a dynamic city; on the other, light-struck mountains and luxurious vegetation.

While the basic conception of the new museum is exemplary, offering the most modern facilities and varied services, esthetically its design is insensitive, even structurally obtuse. Though one never feels hemmed in, though spirit and eyes are constantly refreshed by visual snatches of the outside world, the total impact is singularly oppressive. It would take a spectacular collection to overcome this heavy-handed architecture.

Here, again, is a paradox, for over the years the Los Angeles County Museum has accumulated some fine works of art, but as yet these works do not add up to a collection. What one misses is continuity, direction, and consistent quality. Historically there is good reason for these lacks. Heretofore the Art Museum was merely one section of a large institution known as the Los Angeles County Museum of History and Science. Uncomfortably located in Exposition Park and housed in a musty old building where one wandered through corridors of stuffed animals and scientific exhibits before encountering a work of art, the collection understandably played a relatively small role in the city's life. It was a major problem to reach the museum and an even greater problem to isolate

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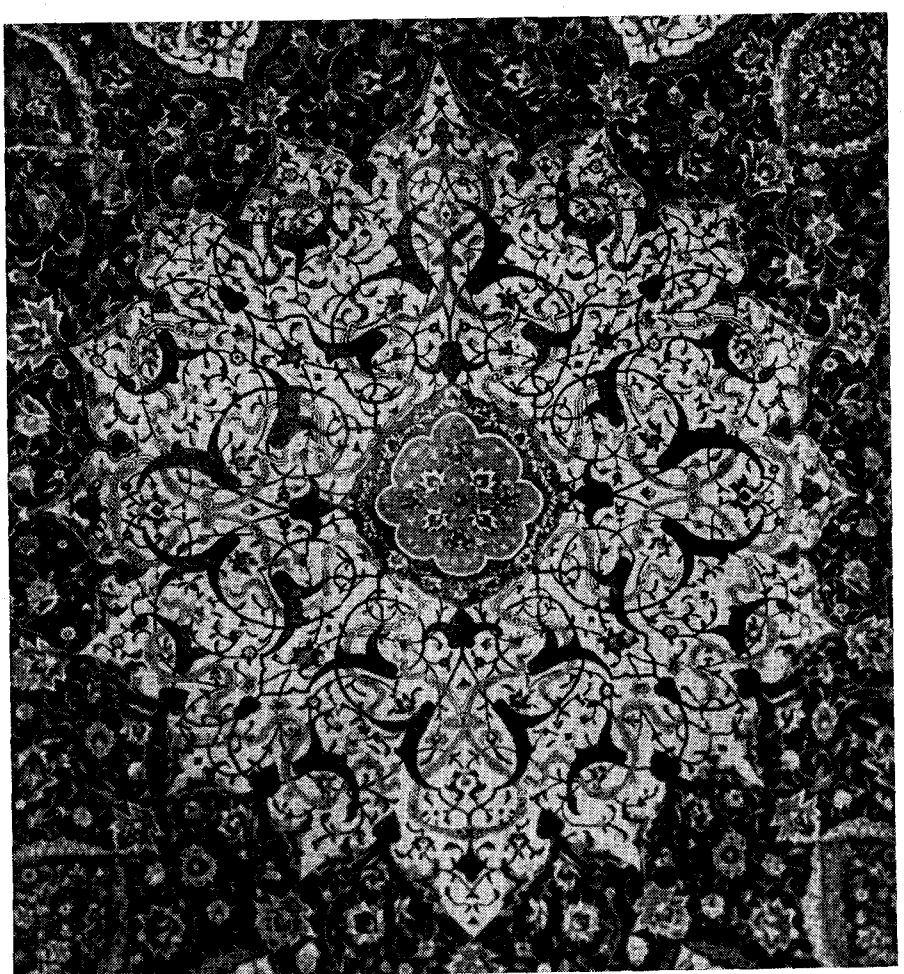
paintings and sculpture from encroaching displays.

During recent years the Art Museum's able director, Dr. Richard Brown, has realized that the only hope for his institution was an independent building in a more accessible location. The opening of the new museum this week testifies to his energy, optimism, and leadership. He understands only too well that the job is not completed. "It was our great collectors," he said, "who gave the funds [$11,500,000] to put up the new buildings. The buildings are the first step. Next comes the great art which I am sure will follow."

Already the board of trustees has committed itself to establishing an initial acquisition fund of $5,000,000. "The idea," said Dr. Brown, "is to spend the principal, since the best investment for a museum is art." He feels that the present needs of the gallery "cover a broad range. We lack key masterpieces in many fields. I don't believe that we should specialize; we must specialize only in quality. There is no other museum in this region that can supply our huge population with a general view of the whole history of art. Since we have the unique opportunity to do this, accomplishing it becomes an obligation."



—*Los Angeles County Museum of Art (Gift of J. Paul Getty).*

Detail from "Ardabil Carpet"

DR. BROWN does not exaggerate when he mentions the "great collectors." Private acquisitions throughout the area are impressive. So, too, are the number of commercial galleries—well over 100, appreciably outnumbering those in any other American city except New York. One need only walk along La Cienega Boulevard to realize how briskly the art business is flourishing in Los Angeles. This intensive growth has taken place chiefly during the last decade, a promising symptom for the new museum.

In the collection certain works stand out, above all the rightly famous double portrait of *The Bellelli Sisters* by Degas (see cover). Strangely withdrawn, these young cousins of the artist are seen with almost candid-camera immediacy. And yet the painting is carefully constructed. Though the two figures face in opposite directions, they remain fused. Also from the nineteenth century and of high quality is a Cézanne *Still Life with Cherries and Peaches*, a sonorous canvas, rather more sensuous than the usual Cézanne of the Eighties. A third masterpiece from the same century is Vuillard's large *Picnic*, dated about 1894. Here, muted color and an unconventional handling of space turn a commonplace subject into a tapestry of illusions.

The museum's twentieth-century collection is spotty. A few splendid works need serious reinforcing if modern art is to be properly evaluated. Schwitters, Kirchner, and Bellows are brilliantly represented; Mondrian, Stuart Davis, and Philip Guston well, but not with eye-shattering examples. Too many pivotal masters of our times are noticeably absent or present only in minor key.

From earlier years several memorable objects haunt the imagination. A recently acquired fifteenth-century *Virgin in Adoration* by the Flemish master Quentin Matsys glows with tenderness and authentic fervor. It strengthens an already promising group of Northern European works, highlighted by a fine Petrus Christus portrait and a handsome Hispano-Flemish reliquary head, the latter carved from wood by an anonymous sixteenth-century sculptor. All three figures share the crisp, subtle surface modeling characteristic of early Flemish art.

ONE of the museum's outstanding works is a magnificent Persian rug of 1539 measuring almost twenty-four feet long. Known as the "Ardabil Carpet," it was woven on the court looms at Tabriz and is one of a pair (the other is at the Victoria and Albert Museum in London). Regal in scale and design, the rug goes beyond mere craftsmanship. Like a great painting or sculpture, it is based on rich symbolic content.

More than 100 works on long-term loan from the Norton Simon Foundation Collection act as a potent force in extending the range and quality of the new museum. Any collector, private or public, will covet two remarkable sets of tapestries from this loan. Four fifteenth-century tapestry panels from Tournai, based on the story of Helen of Troy, are shimmering miracles of technical perfection. So, too, are four Gobelin tapestries made after paintings by François Boucher. Among the top modern canvases in the museum is a Braque abstraction, also lent by the foundation. And several eighteenth-century works from the same source add luster to the opening exhibition, notably a flawless terra-cotta sculpture by Clodion, an imperious portrait by Rigaud, and Gainsborough's *Cruttenden Sisters*, a canvas that suggests how carefully this English artist must have examined the brushwork of Velasquez. Also not to be overlooked is an unusual early group of small paintings by Luini, executed in a less mannered style than his later Leonardesque compositions.

The Norton Simon Foundation Col-

(*Continued on page 35*)

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—*Los Angeles County Museum of Art.*

"The Virgin in Adoration," by Quentin Matsys

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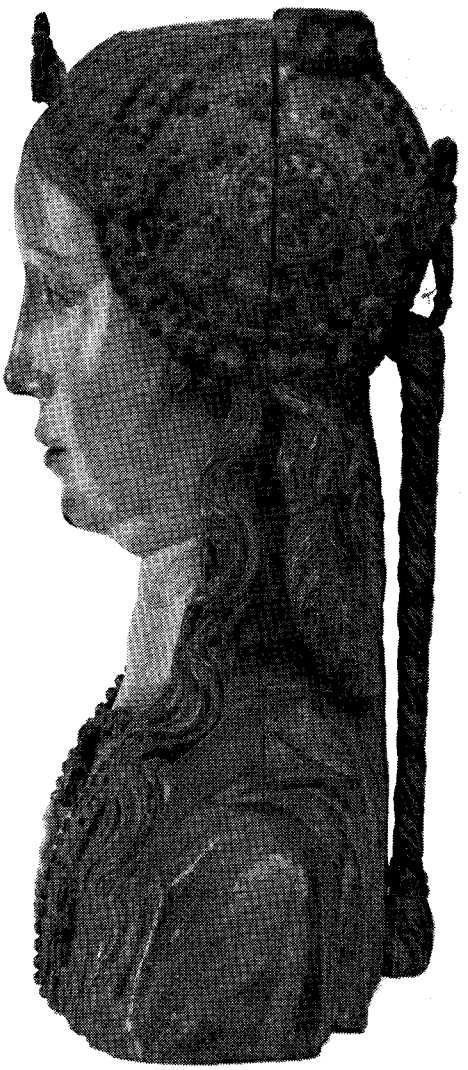
—*The Norton Simon Foundation Collection.*

"Noel Bouton, 3rd Count and 1st Marquis de Chamilly," by Hyacinthe Rigaud



—*Los Angeles County Museum of Art (Gift of William Randolph Hearst).*

Spanish Reliquary Head

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—*The Norton Simon Foundation Collection.*

"The Cruttenden Sisters," by Thomas Gainsborough

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—Los Angeles County Museum of Art
(Gift of the Adele R. Levy Fund, Inc.).

"Still Life with Cherries and Peaches," by Paul Cézanne

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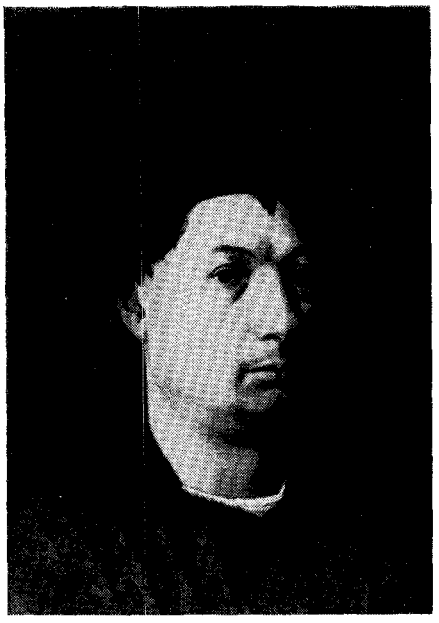


—Los Angeles County Museum of Art (The Mr. and Mrs. Allan C. Balch Collection).

"Portrait of a Man," by Petrus Christus

Continued from page 30

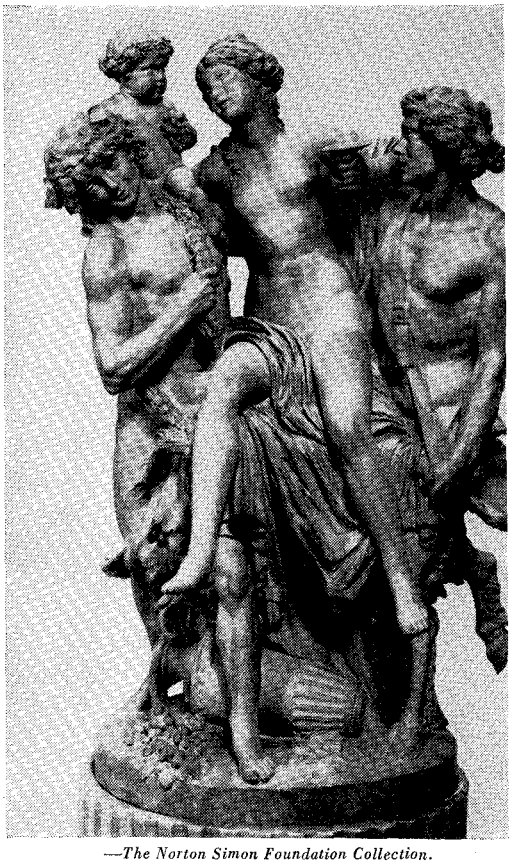
lection should not be confused with Mr. and Mrs. Norton Simon's private collection, the latter by all odds the finest single group of art works on the West Coast and for that matter one of the finest in the entire country. Here is a collection with strong personal identity and uncompromising standards. From the serene Lorenzo Monaco to breathtaking works by Degas and Cézanne, each object reflects a classical refinement. No showy, obvious, or routine work is included. Restraint and quality are the key words. Throughout the collection one senses an underlying emphasis on draftsmanship, not only in the superb drawings themselves but also in the choice of paintings.

Mr. Simon is not the only trustee of the museum to be actively collecting. So, too, are Sidney Brody, David Bright, and many others, some of course on a more modest scale. At Mr. and Mrs. Bright's home one finds the important contemporary works that the museum lacks. Picasso, Miró, Léger, Jackson Pollock, Arp, and Lipchitz are seen in serious dimensions. An extraordinary large pastel by Degas makes Los Angeles an important center for this artist, what with *The Bellelli Sisters* at the museum and the unforgettable group in the Simon Collection.

Of timely interest are three new fountain-sculptures, all generating considerable debate in Los Angeles. Two are at the museum, the third nearby on Wilshire Boulevard in front of the California Federal Savings and Loan Association. For one of the museum's reflecting pools Calder has designed a successful three-piece mobile called *Hello Girls*. The sculpture's separate elements, happily interrelated, seem to be carrying on a silent conversation with each other. Scaled to the location they occupy, these units blithely move and multiply themselves in the glassy water. I wish I could be as enthusiastic about the tall sculpture-fountain by Norbert Kricke, a young German, which is conspicuously situated in front of the building on Wilshire Boulevard. Occupying the site of honor, this piece, scarcely better than a commercial decoration, is hardly an appropriate introduction to the new museum. One could have wished for a more inspired work and undoubtedly could have found it right in California, a state at present blessed with numerous interesting artists.

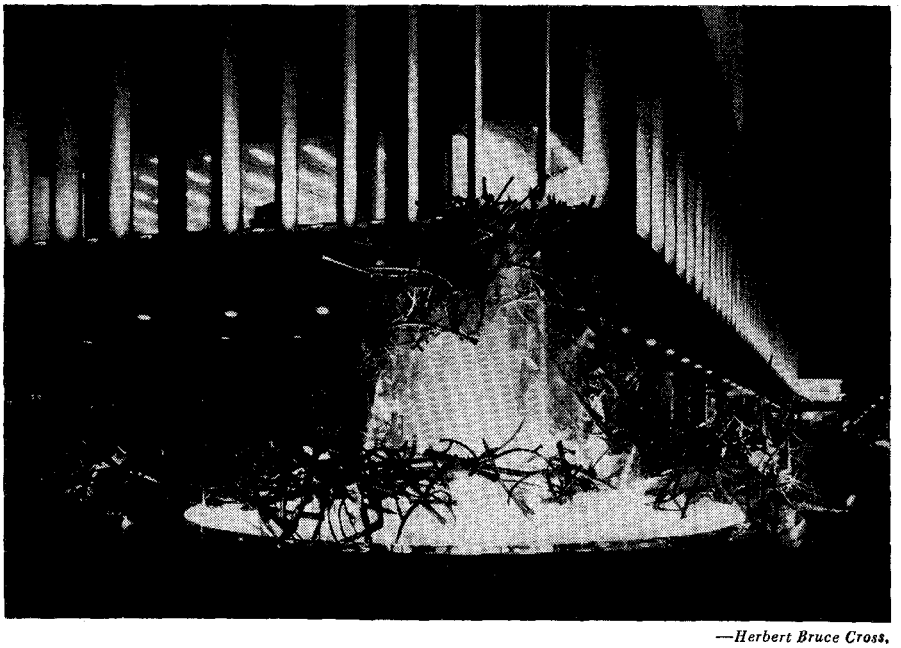
Indeed, just a few blocks away Claire Falkenstein's controversial outdoor fountain has recently been dedicated as an adjunct to the tallest skyscraper in the city. Commissioned for the California Federal Savings and Loan Association and called *Sculptured Water*, this vast, mad jungle of copper, bronze, glass, and hissing water is forty-five feet long, thirty feet wide, and almost eighteen feet high. Not merely designed but actually welded in sections by the artist at her California studio, the fountain has a twisting, reaching, enveloping life of its own. It seems to grow organically before our eyes, vibrant with some inner explosive force. Wilshire Boulevard is full of modern sculpture ranging from trivial nonentities to the inevitable Henry Moore, but nothing can approximate the daring scale or the imaginative vigor of Falkenstein's *Sculptured Water*.

ONE leaves Los Angeles with a sense of excitement. Here art is thrusting out in all directions, and though these thrusts may sometimes lead to dead ends, the over-all picture is one of bold accomplishment. There is reason to hope that the new museum will become the focus for this city's expanding art life. But whatever happens, Los Angeles seems destined for art on a large scale. From its newly acquired Rembrandt portrait of Titus to its growing roster of serious collectors and artists, there is no sign of timidity, no hint of playing it safe. In fact, the speed with which art is taking over is at once a challenge, a danger, and a phenomenon.



—The Norton Simon Foundation Collection.

"A Bacchante Supported by Bacchus and a Faun," by Claude Michel, called Clodion



—Herbert Bruce Cross.

"Sculptured Water," by Claire Falkenstein

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Dearth in Venice

IT SHOULD have been an easy matter for Richard Rodgers, Stephen Sondheim, and Arthur Laurents to write a musical about a love affair in Venice. However, *Do I Hear a Waltz?* is based on Mr. Laurents's *The Time of the Cuckoo,* which brings the right ingredients to a Venetian *pension* only to demonstrate how these Americans waste their holiday and spoil their own chances for happiness. Thus the musical's central character, Leona Samish, a pretty American secretary in search of a perfect romantic experience, is inherently unsympathetic. Not only does she persist in the unbearably cute practice of calling everybody "Cookie" and mistrust every friendly gesture as mercenarily motivated, but she viciously destroys the pleasure of those around her. True, the playwright does try to reclaim Leona by having someone say, "I can forgive bad behavior from agony, but not from morality." But up until this point Elizabeth Allen, who plays Leona, has had little opportunity to display the roots of this agony. She sings about the thrill of being in Venice, the discomforts of flying and of not having a date, and she gives us a couple of being-in-love refrains. The agonized songs are given to Sergio Franchi, the strong-voiced Italian singer who plays Renato Di Rossi, the married Venetian art dealer whose wife doesn't mind his having occasional discreet love affairs. One suspects that either the role of Renato should have been made the central one of a man whose ability to fall in love is permanently crippled by Leona, or that it should have more fully explained Leona as a woman frustrated by her inability to believe in herself.

If one is willing to accept the show as a demonstration, however, there are certain rewards. Stephen Sondheim's lyrics are frequently ingenious. In a song about the meals served on a plane, he writes "the stuff that moves is soup." There is a trio in which three women nicely express very different attitudes about love, an interior rhyming of "Blue Danube-y" and "How can you be," and the humorous fast-tempo couplet "Who can bear Americans! Wash-and-wear Americans!" If Richard Rodgers's score is less catchy and haunting than we have come to expect, it somewhat compensates by the way it works to fulfil the playwright's intention. Particularly interesting and amusingly sung by Mr. Franchi is "Bargaining," in which the singer performs a buyer-seller duet by himself. "No Understand," a three-cornered song in which a servant is slowly led to realize that her employer wishes to be left alone with a handsome young tourist, is quite delightful. For her droll performance as the servant in this number, Fleury D'Antonakis is herewith nominated for the Capisco Award. Carol Bruce is also uncompromisingly pragmatic-romantic as the mature *pension*-keeper who sings "Moon in my window, I am not impressed, Waken other lovers, let me get my rest."

Mr. Laurents's dialogue catches the essence of American love affairs in Europe. For instance, when Renato passionately urges Leona to stay on longer in Venice, by asking "What would happen if you didn't go home tomorrow?" she replies, "I'd lose my excursion rate."

John Dexter has directed the proceedings with fluidity, and Herbert Ross has staged a couple of small dance numbers in such a way that they fit well into what is basically a play with musical embellishment. Beni Montresor's numerous painted gauze drops are lovely, although somehow they never give us the feeling of a substantial place, an arena for the play's emotional interchanges.

Thus it is that much talent and good intention have arrived at only a modest result and at a disappointingly low amount of emotion-involving interchange in such a highly romantic city.

ALSO disappointing are Arthur Kopit's two new short plays being presented off Broadway at the Player's Theatre. The better of the two is intriguingly titled *The Day the Whores Came Out to Play Tennis* and savagely satirizes the response by members of a Jewish middle-class country club to the invasion by an unseen (alas) corps of women who are said to wear no underpants under their tennis dresses. While there is some funny dialogue, Mr. Kopit's attack on the uncouth manners and language of his characters does not always succeed in seeming less uncouth than they do. —HENRY HEWES.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich and Yetta Arenstein

TWO FOR ONE

Occasionally, an author will build a biography around more than one person. Each of the biographies below is a dual portrait, and Helene Nitzsche of Maquoketa, Iowa, would like you to match each title in Column Two with its creator in Column One and its protagonists in Column Three. Answers on page 44.

1. Nard Jones	( ) *Apes, Angels, and Victorians*	( ) Heloise & Abelard
2. Iris Origo	( ) *The Governor and His Lady*	( ) D. H. & Frieda Lawrence
3. Earl Conrad	( ) *The Passionate Exiles*	( ) Mark Twain & Henry James
4. Witter Bynner	( ) *Turn West, Turn East*	( ) Marcus & Narcissa Whitman
5. Robert D. Bass	( ) *The Last Attachment*	( ) Charles Darwin & T. H. Huxley
6. Frances Winwar	( ) *Journey with Genuis*	( ) John Bartram & son, William
7. Henry S. Canby	( ) *Two Tudor Portraits*	( ) Lord Byron & Teresa Guiccioli
8. William Irvine	( ) *The Immortal Lovers*	( ) George Herbert & Robt. Herrick
9. Louise H. Tharp	( ) *So Fell the Angels*	( ) Salmon P. Chase & daughter, Kate
10. Bertita Harding	( ) *The Green Dragoon*	( ) Horace Mann & wife, Mary Peabody
11. Marchette Chute	( ) *The Great Command*	( ) Maximilian & Carlota of Mexico
12. Josephine Herbst	( ) *Wingless Victory*	( ) Banastre Tarleton & Mary Robinson
13. Hester W. Chapman	( ) *New Green World*	( ) William H. Seward & wife, Frances
14. Maurice Levaillant	( ) *Two Gentle Men*	( ) Eleanora Duse & Gabriele D'Annunzio
15. T. G. & M. R. Belden	( ) *Phantom Crown*	( ) Mme. Juliette Récamier & Mme. Germaine de Staël
16. Marjorie Worthington	( ) *Until Victory*	( ) Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, & Lady Katherine Grey

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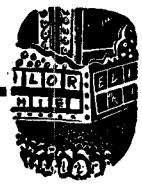

The Awakening of Sol Nazerman

WHEN *The Pawnbroker* was shown at the Berlin Film Festival last June it occasioned not violent but considerable controversy. Some took the position that it equated Nazi brutalities and horrors with the situation in present-day Harlem and that Sidney Lumet, the director, was making a grim point indeed about the growing contemporary violence in America. Others saw it as personal tragedy mingled with headline melodrama. There was little in the way of consistent opinion. It was admired and it was abhorred; no one dismissed it as unimportant. And there was no discussion whatsoever about the fact that the film contains a few scenes involving nudity. Yet the Motion Picture Association of America, routinely asked for its Production Code Seal of Approval, denied it to the Landau Company, the firm that produced *The Pawnbroker*. An appeal from this ruling is in process at the moment of writing, and the film will be released in theaters intact in any event. The test case is an important one, for it raises the question of whether an indiscriminately applied proscription has real bearing when a film is made with evident serious intent and dramatic validity.

The few moments when a youthful Negro prostitute reveals her breasts are, indeed, relatively unshocking in the context of the story that is unraveled. She has come to Sol Nazerman, the owner of a pawnshop in Spanish Harlem, to attempt to get some money from him however she can, and to save him from a robbery which her boyfriend, the pawnbroker's assistant, will certainly commit if she doesn't succeed. It is part of the feverish human cesspool in which the principals of the story are caught up, and it is this tightly plotted feverishness that ultimately disturbs the viewer. Sidney Lumet has made a striking film, and a daring one, but several scenes that blend reality with contrivance are not very convincing.

What is best about *The Pawnbroker* is Rod Steiger's portrayal of Sol Nazerman. He holds together a series of incidents that do not always contain a solid ring of truth. One can't deny the existence of the milieu in which Sol Nazerman conducts his shabby business; it is there; and Lumet has taken his camera into the teeming, depressing streets of Spanish Harlem to show it unvarnished. At the same time the lost souls who enter the pawnshop to give up their miserable possessions in exchange for a few dollars seem handpicked. Lumet, surprisingly at this late date, still seems tied to television filmic technique. It is Steiger who provides the conviction.

The role wasn't easy. Steiger had to play, in and out of flashbacks, a young European husband and father, an inmate of a concentration camp, and an aging pawnbroker whose feelings are so shocked and numbed by his ordeal in the past that he can no longer identify with other humans. During a few days that transpire twenty-five years after the death of his family, his routine is impinged upon so forcefully that at the end his humanity comes flooding back. Somehow Steiger makes one accept this hardened man of advanced middle age, once a scholar and professor, who will admit only the reality of money at this point in his life. But beneath the surface the anguish remains. Lumet shows it breaking through in brief flashes of the past. Today's violence recalls past violence (although this is not meant to equate the two kinds of violence), and the implication is that he can be purged to live again only when he faces his pain as a fact of life.

WE are shown in the film a conglomerate view of Nazerman's life. He sleeps with his dead friend's wife, a bed of lifeless passion; he visits his dead wife's sister in a Long Island housing development; a lonely social worker who visits his shop may trap him into a human relationship, and he attempts to avoid her; he teaches his young Puerto Rican assistant how to recognize gold and to covet money; he hands dollars to wretched junkies and alcoholics who represent nothing more to him than human junk; he acts as a front for a Negro gangster, gagging at this role only when he finds that the gangster runs a brothel and that he has been unwittingly accepting part of the profits. Through all this he remembers, among several horrors, witnessing his own wife's degradation in a concentration camp brothel. Hardly a pretty world for him, and understandable that he would not want to awaken to it. But in the midst of death he does awaken, and presumably Lumet, the screenwriters, and the producers see this as hopeful as did the late Edward Lewis Wallent, who wrote the novel on which the film is based. However the effort to awake Sol Nazerman seems too intense and the flashy use of directorial technique isn't enough to overcome the prevailing sense of melodrama. —HOLLIS ALPERT.

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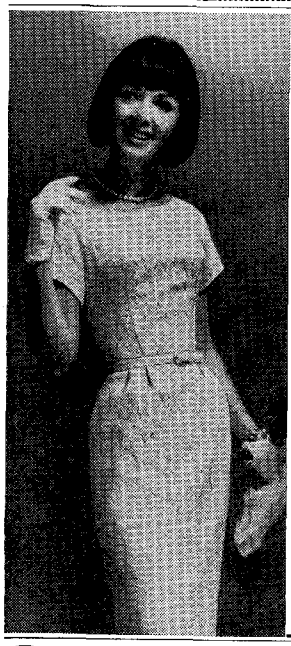

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New Orleans and All That Jazz

I WAS, I guess, about the only patron in the bar of the Pontchartrain Hotel in New Orleans the other night to register undue surprise at the presence on three stools of three clowns suitably done up in bulbous noses, outrageously red cheeks, and raffish clothes. They drank their drinks, cracked jokes at the customers, and occasionally set off a firecracker or two, causing some citizens to look up. There is hardly any city in the United States that I can think of where one might better expect clowns among the customers—these had been off entertaining patients at a hospital. New Orleans seems to be, if not on an endless bat, then on a perpetual good time. The clowns seemed almost like some legend of the city that had suddenly come alive, rather as if a leprechaun or two had materialized in a Dublin saloon hard by the Liffey.

Perhaps that analogy is not exactly just either, for the Pontchartrain is no saloon. It is one of the few remaining family-owned and family-operated hotels in the country. It still decorates many of its suites with expensive antiques (furnishing the occupant with a bound index of the pieces) and it attracts the high-flown theatrical set, which, so far as I can determine, has compiled its own private, and perhaps secret, hotel directory of the U.S. Run by the Aschaffenburgs, father and son, it is the only hotel in New Orleans whose dining room has been knighted by *Holiday*.

Having made reservation at the Pontchartrain for the following evening, we kept a date with middle-priced epicurea and went down to a rather modest-looking establishment called Pascal's Manale. Two gnarled characters were shucking oysters almost at the door, the bar was crowded, and about all that was visible was the vending machine in the corner that dispensed pistachios. In any lesser city, they would have been peanuts.

We sipped sazeracs—a lethal dollop of rye, Peychaud bitters, Pernod, and lemon peel dropped unceremoniously into the bottom of a small glass—and faced the menu. The soups were available in a variety of flavors, among them crayfish bisque, turtle, oyster, and creole gumbo; the oysters could be entertained raw, fried, stewed, *en brochette*, broiled, and pan-roasted; and beyond all that lay things like shrimp barbecue, frogs' legs with mushrooms from the bayou, buster crabs, stuffed flounder, and a supreme of oysters and crabmeat pan-roasted. We sampled without inhibition, and when, some time later, the plates were piled high and so were the glasses, the bill came to $10 and some change, a sum for which one can hardly have one's fortune told in New York.

THE next morning we began an exploration of the city, rolling down to the elegant Garden District that has survived since the days before the war. It was always a district for Americans in a city that was creole and French. The birds still sit in the magnolia branches and the sweet olive trees, the brick sidewalk is old and bumpy, and only the reedy bamboos are young and new. Of all the polished houses where the brass shines and the windows gleam, none seems better kept than the one marked in honor of Jefferson Davis, who died here on December 6, 1889. The tablet reminds one that he was born in Kentucky in 1808, was a colonel in the Mississippi Volunteers at Buena Vista, and a U.S. Senator before becoming president of the Confederacy in 1861.

Although New Orleans has been cited by other less fortunate cities for its success in preserving its old bricks and old buildings, it hasn't had quite the success of San Francisco in keeping its old transportation. San Francisco still has three cable cars in full operation, but New Orleans is down to one streetcar, the St. Charles line. As if in apology, the fare has been kept down to a dime, possibly the lowest fare in the country, and the transfers are unlimited.

What with the considerate cost of its fabled restaurants, its ten-cent trolley rides, its nickel phone calls, and the free ferry that still dog-paddles across the waters, New Orleans remains one of the last redoubts of civilized life. I don't begin to add to that its sense of art and its sense of history, which go beyond hand-wringing and causey little teas.

Nobody, so far as I know, has issued an edict to take the pushcarts off the streets, and the vendors in striped jackets still sell hot tamales and frankfurts from big carts shaped like a huge hotdog on a roll. At night in the French Quarter, they do a rushing business with amblers who divide their time among the saloons, the girlie shows, and the jazz joints. Some of the best jazz is being offered at little more than a song in places like Dixieland Hall and Preservation Hall (neither serves liquor; they subsist on dollar donations from those who come to listen seriously). I visited both one night. Dixieland had a modest assemblage in the pews by the time I got there, most of them strung out on benches and camp chairs. The management serves coffee and soft drinks, but some customers prefer to bring their own beer and the practice is countenanced. Music halls and their musicians (who are chiefly aging practitioners of a high art) live mostly on donations. A sign on the side of the piano says:

This one half of piano
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A long list of performers appears at Dixieland and at Preservation Hall, among them Kid Sheik's Band, The Young Tuxedo Band, Papa French and His New Orleans Jazz, and Frog Joseph's Band. Dixieland Hall, which opened only in 1962, has provided a real showcase for great exponents of Dixieland, and it not only sells records of its stars but is also in the process of booking national and European tours.

Preservation Hall was entertaining an almost sell-out crowd the night I stopped by, possibly because a white jazz hobbyist in town for a convention was sitting

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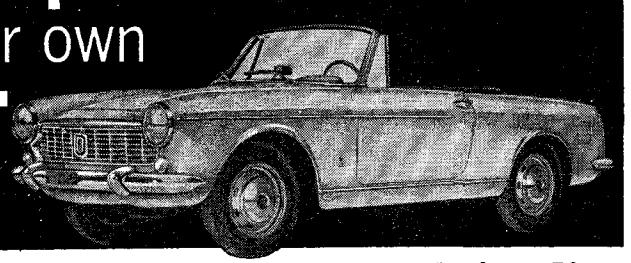

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in with the group. He had brought his own claque with him and they were sitting on the floor in the front row applauding heartily and sipping huge rum drinks fetched from Pat O'Brien's next door. A further attraction that night was the presence of Sweet Emma Barrett, a lady of considerable talent and great renown on Bourbon Street, who not only plays a perfectly torrid piano but wears bells on her garters. A sign at Preservation Hall, which I had a hard time working out, read, "Requests: $1.00; Others, $2.00; The Saints, $5.00."

A large hotel called the Royal Orleans has come to the French Quarter, the first, probably, of many. There is a big sign around a huge lot up the block indicating the construction of a Hilton. The Royal Orleans, built on the site of the Old St. Louis Hotel, which dates back to 1838, has been done in New Orleans style all right, a certain slick—one might almost say contrived—style. The look is not quite happenstance enough, not sufficiently old and off-center and moss-caked to be true New Orleans, but the effect is pleasing all the same. Much of the New Orleans atmosphere is concentrated in the public rooms and there are great expanses of marble flooring and flagstone terraces with potted palms. The rather unfortunately named Rib Room is, conversely enough, handsomely got together with flagstone flooring, old wood paneling, brick columns, flickering candlelight at the proper hour, and all manner of appropriate artifacts on the walls. There is a swimming pool on the roof, but the gourmet restaurant on the first floor failed to flourish and has been abandoned to other uses. The reason usually given is the proximity of the Royal Orleans to the great restaurants. It is, after all, only about fifty steps to Antoine's and about sixty to Brennan's.

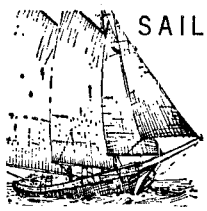
I walked the sixty steps one day for lunch and found Brennan's to be a mad razzle of activity. Lunch at Brennan's is what could be called bubbly. The bar was crowded and so was the dining room. (Breakfast, which is served all day, could start, or so the management suggests, with an absinthe frappé, a gin fizz, a sazerac, or a claret wine punch served hot.) I started lunch with a *suisse-esse*, a brew I have never seen outside the city, which is made of bourbon, orgeat syrup, Pernod, and egg white. It being Monday, I chose the eminently New Orleans dish of red beans, rice, and sweet pickled pork, which, even in elegant Brennan's, costs only $1.25. In its addiction to red beans and rice New Orleans follows the tastes of the lands to the south. Cuba, in my day, was famed for black beans and rice, which I still find in Miami, and Nassau still strums the glories of peas 'n' rice. When Chep Morrison, the celebrated ex-mayor of New Orleans, was alive, Louis Armstrong would send him postcards from the far corners of the world, signing himself, "Red beans and ricely yours...." In New Orleans it is a dish a dock walloper or a dowager can enjoy. An ad placed by Bell Supermarkets in the *Times-Picayune* one morning offered packages of red beans at 10 cents a pound, bags of rice at two pounds for 25 cents, and pickled meat at 29 cents a pound. All that needed to be added was a dash of Tabasco, known locally, in view of its use, as Cajun Catsup.

ONE could, of course, have lunched with a bit more *delicatesse* at Brennan's by choosing such things as filet of flounder with Gelpi lemon butter and a sauce of capers, pimentos, green peppers, and shallots, or sautéed Gulf shrimp in garlic and onions, crumbed, buttered, and baked au gratin. Or seafood jambalaya. Or bouillabaisse Bayou, or a crêpe filled with chopped beef and simmered in red wine. There are thirteen kinds of eggs on the menu, of which I will cite only one, Eggs Royal, baked in a slice of *pâté* with brandy and Hollandaise sauce. As for the desserts, they are, in their New Orleans fashion, bereft of any caloric worry. I offer as evidence no more than the crêpes Fitzgerald, which are filled with cream cheese, swamped with crushed strawberries, and flamed in kirsch and strawberry liqueur.

I must say that I merely read the menu, without taking part in any dish quite so obscene, but even so I was hardly ready, during the walk about the French Quarter that continued after lunch, to stop in the Confiserie aux Quatres-Saisons, a pastry shop of some renown. It has a patio for those who want to stop and have chicory coffee and sweets. It also has a St. Peter Room, but frankly the whole place smells heavenly.

Since I last browsed these parts, a group of small hotels (guest houses, they might be called in other parts) have sprung up. Many of them are bathed in just the atmosphere one would expect to find here. The French Quarter Maisonettes are hidden behind an iron grill gateway to which each guest is given a key. The management delivers the morning paper, invites its guests to make their own coffee, and spend the cocktail hour in the patio. A twin bedroom with living room and bath costs $19. Another elegant nest is the Hotel Maison de Ville, built in

(*Continued on page 57*)



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Bismarck

Continued from page 25

—*From the book.*

"Bismarck is coming," cartoon from *Der Floh*, May 1891.

that Bismarck knew exactly what he was going to do in any political situation and always kept the initiative by knowing beforehand how others would react to his moves.

In one respect the tragedy of Bismarck's career escapes Richter and most other German historians. The man of blood-and-iron molded the German state in his own Prussian image—a state of order, discipline, obedience, follow-the-leader. Only in the latter part of his life, when he journeyed in 1892 to Vienna to attend the nuptials of his son, Herbert, and was received with tremendous enthusiasm by crowds along the way, did the old man realize the fundamental error he had made. Now—and far too late—he sensed the majesty and power of the people, and he was amazed. He had been in a position to educate his politically immature Germans in the ways of democracy, but, instead, he had given them dictatorship with an outer coating of democratic forms. He had done everything possible to lessen the influence of the *Reichstag*. Now he was not sure that he had done the right thing.

Precisely here Bismarck turned out to be a failure. He had prepared his people to accept "discipline-and-order" from anyone at the top. And that man at the pinnacle eventually turned out to to be a bestial monomaniac who pushed the Germans downward to the nadir of their existence.

This is an excellent book and it deserves wide distribution. It is commended to those book clubs which are interested in raising the level of reading chosen for the American public.

Master Tells All: A flamboyant lawyer from San Francisco, whose favorite client is himself, J. W. Ehrlich is the man to call when headlines read, "Sheds Blonde Mate, Shoots Sexpot in Mex Love Nest." *A Life in My Hands* (Putnam, $5.95), his autobiography of a long and noisy legal career, is replete with the sort of courtroom derring-do that starred yours truly, Sam Benedict (a tired TV meller character supposedly based on Ehrlich).

Working the shady side of the California street, Mr. Ehrlich has represented Jane Russell, Gene Krupa, Madge Bellamy, and assorted celebs. Everybody he encounters is a rival of some sort or a great pal—cornball DA's, cops on the take, madams turned respectable. Mr. Ehrlich is fond of repeating that as he walks down the street or into the courtroom, clients keep addressing him, "Tell me, Master." Compared to their attorney, most of the wrongdoers in the book seem innocent and lovable.

Among the absurd remarks spewed forth in *A Life in My Hands*, I was particularly impressed by these: that San Franciscans who want to preserve their city's landscape against inroads by real estate developers are "bleeding hearts" and "civic dilettantes"; that the Congress of Racial Equality (CORE) is a "pirate pressure group," and that the sixteenth President of the United States is "vastly overtouted." But let Mr. Ehrlich be judged by his own nonsense:

> I've made quite a study of the Great Emancipator. Whatever he was to this country's development and history and despite the myth about his deep concern for the Negro that has become part of our folklore and history, I know that Brother Lincoln actually didn't personally give a damn about the disenfranchised dark people whose cause he politically espoused. . . . I also say that this unsavory and possibly deranged man was, at best, the phoniest politician to mount the central rostrum of the American Presidency and, at worst, a devious wheeler-and-dealer without whom endless numbers of Americans might never have died "to keep a nation undivided."

Mr. Ehrlich's legal ethics are something for his colleagues to judge. Writing about his fees in a first-degree murder case, he says:

> There is no treasure even remotely as priceless as exemption from an otherwise enforced one-way trip to the little green octagon in which the State of California erases those sentenced to death under Murder One. In such cases, and when I think that the circumstances warrant it, I ask for and get every dollar, diamond, deed and dividend that the candidate for extinction possesses.

This quotation represents the author in his normal posture: without personal modesty and legal dignity. San Francisco, CORE, and Lincoln will survive, but can Mr. Ehrlich beat the rap of his own story? —HERBERT MITGANG.

Ladies' Man with Chips: If anyone recalls smiling Sam Ward at all these days—and as a betting proposition the improbability of this should bring a nice price at Las Vegas or anywhere else—it's by way of his sister Julia, she who added a Howe to her name and wrote the Civil War's greatest song.

It was otherwise, though, in Sam's heyday. Just about everybody then knew and liked the genial Sam, and vice versa, all over this land and in foreign parts as well. William Makepeace Thackeray was his pal, and if he was not exactly an intimate of Pope Leo XII —well, they were at least friends. As for the ladies, they adored little Sam, and not merely when he was in the chips, though of course that helped.

The wonder really is that no one until now has got around to telling Sam's story at length, wherefore it must seem a shade ungrateful to report that in *Sam Ward: "King of the Lobby"* (Houghton Mifflin, $6.95) Lately Thomas has told it in rather too much detail. Mr. Thomas, the pseudonymous author of a lively book about Aimee Semple McPherson (she and Sam would have got along nicely, by the way) doesn't just collect facts. He drowns you with them as he escorts Sam from the cradle (1814) to the grave (1884)—the endless comings and goings, the gastronomical triumphs, the financial adventures and misadventures. It says a good deal about Sam's personal magnetism that you don't get tired of him long before Mr. Thomas reluctantly lets him go.

For there is something about the brisk, generous, good-humored man that remains as winning as it must have been in the days when he was Washington's No. 1 lobbyist, a champion skilled at wooing susceptible solons with an elegant dinner and maybe with fare more fiscally tangible. Sam was a charmer. He was also a bit of a con man, as well as a stock market gambler, a California gold miner, and a mathematician so keen that at eighteen he was invited to join the faculty at West Point. If he lost other people's money with a singular insouciance, he dropped fortunes of his own quite as casually and without whimpering.

And, finally, at that superb Boston restaurant Locke-Ober's a luncheon item to this very day is Mushrooms à la Sam Ward. A man can't get much closer to immortality than that.

—JOHN K. HUTCHENS.

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Project Moon Shot: 1609

Kepler's Dream, *by John Lear (University of California Press. 182 pp. $5), contains the text, with a modern interpretation, of a seventeenth-century astronomer's surprisingly accurate appraisal of the problems man will face in his first lunar voyage. William D. Stahlman, professor of the history of science at the University of Wisconsin, has developed and uses in his teaching what is probably the most comprehensive and authoritative set of notes extant on Kepler's greatest work, "New Astronomy."*

By WILLIAM D. STAHLMAN

"EVEN now a rocket moves toward Mars . . .," said President Johnson in his inaugural address last January. Whether or not this allusion to *Mariner IV*—still streaking along at more than 10,000 miles per hour toward its July Martian rendezvous—came as news to many people, the startling fact is our blasé acceptance of such other-worldly probes. The immense success of the Ranger program, and our expectations of the moon-landing Project Apollo, seem almost natural. We take it for granted that only mere "technical difficulties" could possibly postpone our understanding outer space. Yet how foreign this new adventure really is in terms of man's long history!

Only a short three and one half centuries ago—in 1609, to be precise—man was introduced to the first two of the three most basic laws of planetary motion. In that same year their discoverer, the celebrated astronomer Johannes Kepler, began to write a small masterpiece in which these very principles would be applied in an imaginary trip to the moon. The present book, containing John Lear's interpretation of this Keplerian odyssey, includes the first translation into English of the complete Latin text, the footnotes, the appendix, and the footnotes to the appendix. Mr. Lear is to be congratulated for having set forth in simple, readable form the essential data for understanding this facet of Kepler's complex ideas.

The *Dream*, long considered a work of fiction, since it is written in the form of an allegory, is shown by Mr. Lear to be a serious scientific work. Kepler had intended that his manuscript should be circulated only among a select group of scientists, and the allegorical structure may be ascribed to the fact that the Copernican principles on which it was based were offensive to the religious views of the day. In its final form as published posthumously in 1634 by Kepler's son-in-law, many footnotes had been added by Kepler, and it is these that give to the work its greatest scientific value. But the reader must not be misled. This is not some miraculous prefiguration of twentieth-century rocketry. To be sure, the imaginary rocket is there; but Kepler had no better conception of the problems to be faced in designing the actual hardware than does the average citizen today. Indeed, his purpose was very different. In his own words, he had propounded a "complete geography of the moon," and his concern was with the problems man would eventually face on a lunar voyage. No small feat in an age of pre-Newtonian physics!

In addition to its scientific dimension, the *Dream* is also of interest because of the light it sheds on Kepler's personal *milieu*. Constantly beset by financial worries and the insecurity of a nontenure government position, Kepler had in addition to face the painful experience of the arraignment and eventual trial of his own mother on charges of witchcraft. The *Dream* played a crucial role in this unfortunate affair, and it is one of the pleasures of the present volume to have the suspense of these events unfolded for the modern reader. That Kepler's mother was finally acquitted does not seem to have made the *Dream* a best-seller, though its very survival may be due to the trial. Its scientific content has remained virtually in limbo until now. To have available the thoughts of a scientist who wrote even as recently as the seventeenth century is truly pertinent in this, the so-called space age.

IF flaws must be mentioned, it is a pleasure to report that they are relatively minor. Examples: there is, unfortunately, no index (an index would have been welcomed particularly by historians of science); the German version is properly titled *Kepler's Traum vom Mond*; Mr. Lear's assertion that "Whatever the ultimate verdict of historians, it can be said now that in writing the first geography of the moon, Johannes Kepler performed a feat of scientific imagination unmatched before or since" may appear to some readers—as it did to me—rather overzealous. Finally, for some inexplicable reason the original title is misquoted. The correct Latin title is *Somnium seu Opus posthumum de Astronomia Lunari*, not *Somnium, sive Astronomia Lunaris*.

These quibbles need not distract from the book's obvious timeliness and interest. Mrs. Patricia Kirkwood's excellent translation of a difficult text is to be highly commended, as is Mr. Lear's assimilation of this allegory-become-fact.

—Bettmann Archive.

Johannes Kepler with Emperor Rudolph II—"allegory-become-fact."

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Hate the World, Destroy the Self

The Fire Within, *by Pierre Drieu La Rochelle, translated from the French by Richard Howard (Knopf. 183 pp. $3.95), an early depiction of the anti-hero, is the first novel by a post-World War I angry young man to be made available in English. Anna Balakian is professor of French literature at New York University.*

By ANNA BALAKIAN

AMONG the antecedents of the angry young men of post-World War II literature, Pierre Drieu La Rochelle was one of the most formidable. He was angry after World War I, and his anger attributed all the world's ills to the white caste that ruled in the Western world. He came to despise the former Allies even more than the monster they had created, laying the blame for the Nazi scourge right at the doorsteps of France and affiliated nations.

Drieu's last works before his death by suicide in 1945 were politically so treacherous that for a long time they managed to keep him in literary oblivion. The current revival of interest in him is no doubt due to parallelism that exists between his approach to literature and that of the Jean Genets and James Baldwins of today. However, this first of Drieu's books to reach here in translation is not one of his vituperative works, but an innocuous little novel on disengagement and drug addiction. *The Fire Within* is about a wasteful consumption rather than an explosive conflagration.

Apparently the same reasons existed for this prevalent ailment in the society of 1931 as now: utter boredom unrelieved by love or talent. Alain, the young man in Drieu's book, has reached the age of thirty with nothing in his favor but waning good looks. As he contemplates the shambles of his life and the unpromising years ahead, he finds himself in a constant state of nausea. He lives off a series of wealthy American women, whose money he squanders on drinks and injections while he shuffles between a group of valetudinarians in a sanatorium and the clever sets of Paris. His friends, watching with pity his deterioration, know how it will all end but are powerless to do anything about it.

This early depiction of the anti-hero hints vaguely that bourgeois society with its emphasis on money is the root of his problem. Those who are not born rich have to submit to forced labor to procure the things that everybody wants; Alain finds this too high a price to pay for respectability. His resentment against the outside world has succeeded in destroying "the powers of inner life." "Addicts," Drieu says, "are the mystics of a materialist age." When there is nothing left to sublimate, the inner fire reduces everything to nothingness, and there is no respite until it burns itself out in the process.

Drieu manages an unsentimentalized objectivity in picturing the futile machinations of Alain's wasted mind, which expresses itself in words that are not meant to trigger action: "The world is imperfect, the world is bad. I disapprove, I condemn, I annihilate the world." The figures around him are shadowy generalizations. Alain's nocturnal meanderings through the great, unresponsive city are illumined here and there by some erotic encounters. Thus the book is primarily a mood piece in which night prevails; as such it will be understood by the dispirited of any age and by those who watch with anguish the likes of Alain seeking the tunnel of narcotic release from which there is no exit.

Although vaguely drawn, Alain is less dated as a type than many a humanistic figure projected by better known writers of the 1930s. He fits too well into the population of our era, just as Drieu proved, alas, too good a prophet of the troubled times ahead of him. This little volume, in Richard Howard's lively translation, will give an inkling of the power and the venom that were Drieu's.

Awakening in a Warped Wonderland

On the Darkening Green, *by Jerome Charyn (McGraw-Hill, 244 pp. $4.95), is a tragi-comic parable of a little world that has lost its marbles. Leo Haber teaches English at The City College of New York.*

By LEO HABER

JEROME CHARYN's first novel, *Once Upon a Droshky,* published last year, was a verbal *tour de force;* a first-person narrative told in the present tense, it transplanted the language and the soul of Sholem Aleichem to Second Avenue in New York. The current work, though quite different, is equally daring and far more complex in tone and intention. It begins in wistfulness and humor as a portrait of the artist—sensibility coming to life in a poor Bronx boy. Charyn makes a small switch here to avoid the perils of the classic stereotype and to universalize his story. His hero is not a Jew but an Italian boy, Nick Lapucci, who is bullied by a Jewish and Catholic schoolmate and who joins the latter in a quixotic raid on the neighborhood YMHA. (Bernard Malamud made a similar switch in *The Assistant.*) Nick's father is, nevertheless, a Jewish-type father—a teacher, an intellectual, a free thinker, a pathetic rebel in a vise.

When Nick's father dies, he goes off to a Catskill home for Jewish delinquents to serve as a counselor-warden. The book shifts gears at this point. No more the wistful portrait of a budding writer, but the corrosive tale of a little world gone *meshugah* (crazy). The cast of characters here would do honor to a Kopit extravaganza of the absurd: Uncle Nate, who runs a military-type camp by conning the boys into believing that the Nazis (circa 1942) are at the Canadian border; Rosencrantz, an unfrocked anarchist rabbi, who doubles as a chauffeur and delivers cryptic sermons connecting "the pursuer and the pursued" while his students retell Bible stories in vulgarese; Mama, the social

Jerome Charyn—"a painterly way."

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worker who keeps her male colleagues happy with the old, old gambit; and a band of youngsters in skullcaps who can spout the heroes of Zionism from Ussishkin to Weizmann and make Japanese bayonet charges with equal ferocity. In this warped world, hero Nick poses as a Jew for strategic purposes. It is the ultimate switch—an ironic reversal of all Jewish experience under the Nazis.

Charyn's scenes in the home border perilously on the contrived. His villainous Dickensian school is refracted through a Coney Island carnival mirror. Even a ravenous bulldog, Shadrach, is made into an almost human character, a tiny bit schizophrenic, certainly alienated. Charyn employs other wild gimmicks (the boys, for instance, are awakened every morning by a ram's horn instead of a bugle). But, strangely, they come off. Nothing is really overstated or overblown. The author's unforced narrative technique—crisp and economical in a painterly way—is closer to Malamud's than to Bellow's surcharge of erudition and rhetoric. It is also as evocative; the grand total always seems to be more than the sum of the parts. Making his points by indirection, Jerome Charyn has spun out a tragi-comic parable in faultless, unsentimental prose.

Paradise Almost Regained

***Stories of Hawaii,** by Jack London, edited by A. Grove Day (Appleton-Century. 282 pp. $4.95), reveal the author's insights into the social and ethnic problems of a pacific Elysium. Earle Labor, chairman of humanities at Adrian College, is co-author of the forthcoming "Handbook of Critical Approaches to Literature."*

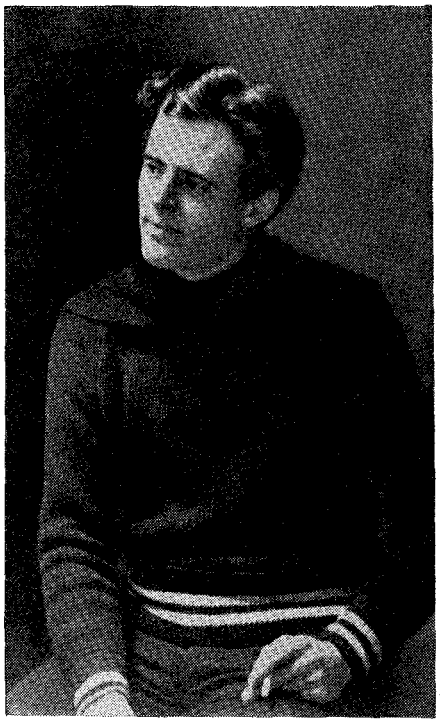
By EARLE LABOR

"THIS is the twentieth century, and we stink of gasoline," mutters the Oxford-educated gentleman whose sole legacy from a past age rich in myth and belief is the dry shin bone of a great Earth-Princess three centuries dead. The statement and the theme might have been borrowed from T. S. Eliot but for the fact that their author had died a year before the first volume of Eliot's work was published. It may come as a surprise to some scholars that, several years before Eliot immortalized Miss Jessie L. Weston by explaining the cruelties of April, the Wonder Boy of our naturalist carnival had found a similar key—perhaps the skeleton key—to the "lost-ness" of modern man in the primitive folklore of Polynesia and in the writings of Carl Jung.

Like that corpse planted last year in Eliot's garden, Jack London keeps sprouting up despite the efforts of contemporary critics to bury and forget him. Though his *Stories of Hawaii* are not new (they were originally published in the magazines and then collected as *The House of Pride* in 1912 and *On the Makaloa Mat* in 1919) and though Book-of-the-Monthers will find James Michener more to their taste, A. Grove Day's omnibus is nevertheless an interesting book. Of its fifteen selections, the half dozen stories that treat the problem of race relations are still topical; another half dozen range from the dull to the painful (*e.g.*, London's attempt at fictional self-therapy in "The Kanaka Surf"); and at least two or three possess qualities that are timeless.

In the tradition that included James Fenimore Cooper before him and William Faulkner after him, London was acutely sensitive to the tragic consequences of the white man's inevitable civilization and corruption of the wilderness. When London first landed in Hawaii in 1904, he thought that he had found Elysium, a paradise of flower-swept valleys peopled by bronzed youths and golden maidens. But a closer view revealed Paradise Lost, a land whose economy had been commercialized, whose politics had been usurped, and whose people had been contaminated and exploited by the "civilized" *haoles*. As the central character of "Koolau the Leper" bitterly remarks, "They came like lambs, speaking softly. . . . They were of two kinds. The one kind asked our permission, our gracious permission, to preach to us the word of God. The other kind asked our permission, our gracious permission, to trade with us. That was the beginning. Today all the islands are theirs, all the land, all the cattle—everything is theirs." Also theirs is the "rotting sickness" of civilization, the leprosy which has metamorphosed golden youths into hideous monsters with stumps for arms and gaping holes for faces: "The sickness is not ours. We have not sinned. The men who preached the word of God and the word of Rum brought the sickness with the coolie slaves who work the stolen land."

London was intensely sympathetic with the plight of the Hawaiians; "Better than anyone, he knew us . . ." was the tribute one of them paid him after his death in 1916. A tribute to his skill as a writer is the effective variety with which this sympathy is articulated in his stories: tragic heroism in "Koolau the Leper" (the finest story in this collection), irony in "The House of Pride," pathos in "Aloha Oe," horror in "Good-by, Jack," and humor in "Chun Ah Chun" (a parable slyly suggesting that the ultimate solution to the race problem may lie in the love of money).



—*Bettmann Archive.*

Jack London—a new-found world.

But what is most noteworthy is the revelation of London's growing preoccupation with myth during his last years. A few months before his death he had confided to his wife, Charmian, "I tell you I am standing on the edge of a world so new, so terrible, so wonderful, that I am almost afraid to look over into it." Hints of this new world, glimpses of which London had discovered in the recently translated works of Freud and Jung, reverberate in such stories as "The Bones of Kahekili," "Shin Bones," and "The Water Baby." In the last, an ancient Hawaiian skin-diver who claims the Sea as his mother muses, "Why have I thought this thought of my return to my mother and of my rebirth from my mother into the sun? . . . I do not know, save that, without whisper of man's voice or printed word, without prompting from otherwhere, this thought has arisen from within me, from the deeps of me that are as deep as the sea. . . . It is of old time before me, and therefore it is true."

Perhaps the tragedy of London's career is that he died a decade too soon. Had he lived to bring the fruits of his

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new-found world into the brave literature of the Twenties, his critical reputation might have been considerably higher. In any case, the best of him is more than a handful of dust.

Gap in the Hub: Despite a title that suggests the fevered rambling of a very delicate poet, *Where Mist Clothes Dream and Song Runs Naked,* by a lady who chooses to identify herself only as Sara (McGraw-Hill, $4.50), is firmly embedded in the far from poetic atmosphere of ghetto Boston during the Depression. This first novel is concerned with the Stoler family—mother and father from the Old World, two sons and a daughter of the New—their physical struggle to stay alive, their emotional struggle to find some meeting place across a gulf wider than the years between generations and the geographic distance between America and Europe.

Sara, whoever she is, is obviously a writer of talent and a person of good heart. She loves her people at their worst as well as their best, and her love and compassion keep her novel warm in the reader's hands—at least 60 per cent of the time. Unfortunately, the author doesn't seem to know how moving and powerful a writer she can be when placing one simple, well-chosen, deeply-felt sentence after another. Too often, she abandons God-given talent in favor of what I assume is called "art" or "style" in some salons. For example:

> Still, that wasn't the same at all as what stirred Libby about Abe and Rose. Pappa was just there, part of her and she a part of him, and as was. *They* were of the ought, or so she longed. Freely met, each in separateness come, out of the heart's hollow a lonely call echoing, one to one unique, no other answer fit, and matched the song when joined in the amber harmony of him and her. Like coral dusk and burnished night washing new the faded day. Or so, on the leaden humid streets of was, she painted ought.

The reader surfaces from these floods of sensitivity gasping for air and longing to grab Sara by the shoulders and shout: "Relax! You're strangling the dictionary!"

Happily, one-name Sara is sister under the skin to that no-name girl who despite the fact that she is horrid when she is bad, is very, very good when she is good. *Where Mist Clothes Dream and Song Runs Naked* deserves to be read, for Sara is a writer of promise. But watch out when she gets that faraway look in her eyes. —HASKEL FRANKEL.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: 8, 3, 14, 7, 2, 4, 13, 16, 15, 5, 1, 6, 12, 11, 10, 9.

Column Three should read: 16, 4, 7, 1, 8, 12, 2, 11, 15, 9, 10, 5, 3, 6, 14, 13.

SR's Check List of the Week's New Books

Anthologies

PRIZE STORIES 1965: The O. Henry Awards. Edited by Richard Poirier and William Abrahams. Doubleday. $4.95.

A TREASURY OF CHINESE LITERATURE. Translated and edited By Ch'u Chai and Winberg Chai. Appleton-Century. $8.95.

Art, Architecture

ARCHITECTURE AS SPACE: How to Look at Architecture. By Bruno Zevi. Horizon. $10.

AN INTRODUCTION TO SURREALISM. By J. H. Matthews. Pennsylvania State Univ. Press. $5.

Crime, Suspense

THE GREAT TRAIN ROBBERY. By John Gosling. Bobbs-Merrill. $4.50.

QUEENS FULL. By Ellery Queen. Random House. $3.95.

Current Affairs

CHINA AND THE BOMB. By Morton H. Halperin. Praeger. $4.95.

THE CROSSROADS PAPERS. Edited by Hans J. Morgenthau. Norton. Hardbound, $5.50. Paperback, $1.45.

THE ECONOMICS OF HEALTH. By Herbert E. Klarman. Columbia Univ. Press. $3.95.

A MANUAL FOR DIRECT ACTION. By Martin Oppenheimer and George Lakey. Quadrangle. Hardbound, $3.95. Paperback, $1.65.

MAO AND THE CHINESE REVOLUTION. By Jerome Ch'en. Oxford Univ. Press. $7.50.

Education

CHANGE AND CHALLENGE IN AMERICAN EDUCATION. By James E. Russell. Houghton Mifflin. $3.50.

Fiction

BOND OF BLOOD. By Roberta Gellis. Doubleday. $4.95.

THE BOOK OF PARADISE. By Itzik Manger. Hill & Wang. $5.

CASTLE KEEP. By William Eastlake. Simon & Schuster. $5.95.

THE ISLAND OF THE ANGELS. By Leonard Wibberley. Morrow. $3.50.

JOLLY. By John Weston. McKay. $3.95.

A JOURNEY TO BOSTON. By Mary Ellen Chase. Norton. $3.95.

OBSTACLES. By Reinhard Lettau. Pantheon. $3.95.

THE PLAYER KING. By Earl Rovit. Harcourt, Brace & World. $5.95.

THE RICH PAY LATE. By Simon Raven. Putnam. $4.50.

ROGUES' KINGDOM. By John Brick. Doubleday. $4.95.

History

GOEBBELS AND NATIONAL SOCIALIST PROPAGANDA 1925-1945. By Ernest K. Bramsted. Michigan State Univ. Press. $12.50.

THE GREAT WAR AT SEA. By A. A. Hoehling. Crowell. $6.95.

THE ORIGINS OF MODERN EUROPE: A History of the Great Continent from Empire to the Industrial Revolution. By James L. White. Horizon. $7.50.

THE ROOSEVELT-LITVINOV AGREEMENTS: The American View. By Donald G. Bishop. Syracuse Univ. Press. $7.50.

Literary History, Criticism

CONFRONTATIONS: Studies in the Intellectual and Literary Relations Between Germany, England, and the United States During the Nineteenth Century. By René Wellek. Princeton Univ. Press. $5.

WILLIAM FAULKNER: Art in Theological Tension. By John W. Hunt. Syracuse Univ. Press. $5.

Miscellany

BRITISH CAMPAIGN MEDALS. By John Laffin. Abelard-Schuman. $4.50.

HORSE SENSE. By Burton Fabricand. McKay. $5.95.

MENAGERIE MANOR. By Gerald Durrell. Viking. $3.95.

NEW YORK PROCLAIMED. By V. S. Pritchett. Photographs by Evelyn Hofer. Harcourt, Brace & World. $15.

PUBLIC SPEAKING WITHOUT PAIN. By Maurice Forley. McKay. $3.95.

STILL CIRCLING MOOSE JAW. By Richard Bissell. McGraw-Hill. $5.

THE WORM RE-TURNS: The Best from the Worm Runner's Digest. By James McConnell. Prentice-Hall. $3.95.

Music

THE BOSTON OPERA COMPANY. By Quaintance Eaton. Appleton-Century. $8.95.

Personal History

LONG OLD ROAD. By Horace R. Cayton. Trident. $5.95.

MEN OF IDEAS: A Sociologist's View. By Lewis A. Coser. Free Press. $6.95.

A RUSSIAN'S AMERICAN DREAM: A Memoir on William Frey. By Avrahm Yarmolinsky. Univ. of Kansas Press. $4.

THREE ON A TOOTHBRUSH. By Jack Paar. Doubleday. $4.95.

WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT: Chief Justice. By Thomas A. Mason. Simon & Schuster. $6.50.

Psychology

THE LONELY SICKNESS. By Elizabeth D. Whitney. Beacon. $4.

THE MENTALLY ILL EMPLOYEE: His Treatment and Rehabilitation. A Guide for Management. By the Committee on Occupational Psychiatry of the American Psychiatric Ass'n. Harper & Row. $2.95.

WISDOM WITH CHILDREN. By I. Newton Kugelmass. John Day. $8.95.

Religion

HAGGADAH FOR PASSOVER. Copied and illustrated by Ben Shahn. Translation and notes by Cecil Roth. Little, Brown. $20.

THE SUFFERING SERVANT. By Carlyle Marney. Abingdon. $2.

—Compiled by RUTH BROWN.

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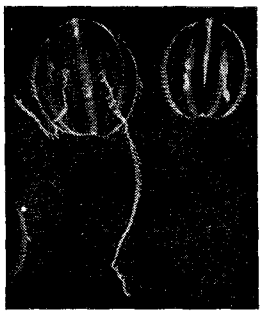

—*An inventor's descendants.*

SR / Research

SCIENCE & HUMANITY

DEPARTMENTS: Research in America • Science in Journals • Letters to the Science Editor

ARTICLE: Fluoridation vs. the Constitution

RESEARCH IN AMERICA

TRACKING THE SPARK OF LIFE BEYOND EARTH

SR'S SCIENCE EDITOR in the fortieth-anniversary issue of this magazine last August asked a question which, so far as he knows, had not been asked before: Is consciousness, the phenomenon religious people call the human spirit, simply the most sophisticated manifestation yet produced by evolution of the primitive survival rite of bioluminescence?

His intention was to suggest a bridge across the billions of years of time separating modern man—an incredibly intricate bundle of electrical circuits so devised as to modulate the scorching power of the sun and allow the use of its current in moving delicate nervous and muscular apparatus—from the ancient days when life began with a direct, immediate response by a rugged unnamed dyestuff to the rude thrusting of solar electrons.

Biochemists and biophysicists now assume that it must have taken at least as long for the raw electrochemistry of nature to create a single cell from the first light-sensitive something as it later took to make a man from that one cell. Perhaps the most mysterious of all the mysteries through which evolution passed *en route* was the reversal of the planet's atmosphere from a dense miasma of heavy, stinking gases devoid of any free oxygen to the present-day air in which life thrives only because oxygen is abundant. During this epochal change, oxygen must have been a deadly poison to the then existing patchworks of molecules. To survive the presence of oxygen, the molecules had to invent a means of filtering out oxygen's lethal effects while drawing upon the unusual efficiency of oxygen to transport electrons to provide the energy required for building ever more complex life forms. The invention seems to have consisted of a subtle converter which first turned the oxygen into water and light and then ejected the light. That is, these primitive organisms had to glow in order to grow.

Billions of direct descendants of the inventors of bioluminescence still live in earth's seas. They never learned how to step down the electrical force they ingested; consequently, they remained one-celled creatures, continuing to give off intensely fierce blue light, the identification tag of electrons too hot to be transported from cell to cell in multicellular configurations. The firefly, a most complicated being by comparison, emits its light in cooler wavelengths from yellow-green to red.

AFTER capsuling this theoretical and experimental reconstruction of the very ancient history of man in the fortieth-anniversary issue of *SR*, the science editor invited clergymen to interest themselves in applying scientific principles to the study of man's grand environment (Great Outer Domain, it might be called in order not to disturb familiar semantics) in the same spirit that moved such famous churchmen as Nicolaus Copernicus of Poland, Johannes Kepler of Germany, and Sir Isaac Newton of Britain roughly half a millennium ago. There was little response to the proposition from any agent of a church. But six months after publication of the idea, the American Academy of Arts and Sciences announced, on March 11, 1965, award of its Rumford Prize to the scientist who tracked the firefly's flicker back to the cataclysmic change in earth's atmosphere long, long ago.

The prize-winner, Dr. William D. McElroy, head of the McCollum-Pratt Institute of Johns Hopkins University and a member of the Science Advisory Committee to the President of the United States, had analyzed and isolated the chemicals that cause the firefly's light. He found a heat-resistant substance called luciferin, a heat-sensitive enzyme called luciferase, and a sparking stuff nicknamed ATP because its full name is so long and disjointed: adenosine-5-triphosphate.

Dr. McElroy has studied twenty-five species of firefly within the United States and fifty species in Jamaica. They all generate one quantum of light for every molecule of luciferin they put to use—a 100 per cent efficiency rarely seen in nature. Every flash is triggered by a nerve impulse, and, since this impulse in the male is often a response to a flash from a female, it was at first supposed that bioluminescence filled an otherwise blank space in the chain of reproduction and genetic survival. However, as the research progressed it became apparent that the mating signal had no fixed pattern; it fluctuated wildly. The male flash might follow the female flash by one second of time or by three seconds. A flash might last half a second, or eight to ten flashes might be compressed into the space of a second. The color of the light might range over 100 angstroms.

Such variability could logically be expected in a system that had been superimposed on an older mechanism originally designed for another purpose. And Dr. McElroy finally discovered this to be true. In looking for elements common to all bioluminescent organisms (they include toadstools, clams, fish, bacteria, and worms, as well as fireflies), he came upon only one: oxygen. From this find he concluded that bioluminescence originally occurred as an accidental consequence of chemical reactions efficient in the removal of oxygen from living systems. The time of greatest need for such efficiency would have been the time of change in earth's atmosphere, when oxygen ceased being a poison and became a boon to life. Confirmation of this evolutionary thesis is seen in the fact that bioluminescence today is carried on by an enzyme system no longer essential to survival—a once vital invention that has been preserved as a biological relic through various processes of adaptation in various species.

Although many fish possess this vestigial power to illuminate themselves,

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no amphibian, reptile, bird, or mammal can shine by its own light. Nevertheless, these higher nonluminous species evolved from simpler forms of life that are luminescent. What happened to the lighting system as organisms multiplied in complexity? Was it focussed inward and its light transmuted to a softer glow that wells up through the central nervous network and diffuses through the eyes a magnetic attraction and warmth unrivaled by even the most spectacular display of the self-shiners? This was the conundrum *SR*'s science editor hoped would fascinate the churchmen as much as it did him. This was the mystery the churchmen failed to pursue.

Now, if science were forthrightly to undertake the quest for identity of the human spirit, it almost certainly would provoke bedlam. Yet the search for the beginning of consciousness, somewhere in the continuum presently recognized to exist between the nonliving and the living, has been dignified by publication in the august pages of *Nature*. And the National Aeronautics and Space Administration is preparing an epic experiment that will at least track the essential spark of life wherever it can be found beyond earth.

It is typical of the fragmentation of contemporary science that the Rumford

—*Blackstone-Shelburne.*

Dr. William D. McElroy

—*NASA.*

Dr. Grace Lee Picciolo

Prize announcement by the American Academy of Arts and Sciences made no mention of the project through which NASA plans to carry Dr. McElroy's work with the firefly to new dimensions and perhaps to new, now unknown habitations in the cosmos. Nor did press releases on the NASA experiment refer to Dr. McElroy's researches, let alone the award of the Rumford Prize.

However, it is no secret that in its Project Firefly at the Goddard Space Flight Research Center in Greenbelt, Maryland, NASA is extracting from the tails of fireflies the luciferin and the luciferase and the ATP and the oxygen that Dr. McElroy obtained and isolated. The Johns Hopkins contribution is emphasized in interviews by Norman H. MacLeod, head of Goddard's Bioscience Group, to which the chief shaper of Firefly—Dr. Grace Lee Picciolo—is assigned.

Under Dr. Picciolo's direction, all the constituents of the firefly's light except the ATP are being bottled together for voyages in rockets. The first voyage will explore earth's atmosphere and determine how far out in it the life process can be detected. Just now the certain limit for spores, fungi, and pollens is 15,000 feet. A 1936 balloon flight sponsored by the National Geographic Society brought back indications that the life ceiling is no nearer than 52,000 feet if it is that close, and other balloons flown by Litton Systems from Minnesota since then have returned hints of molds as far as 90,000 feet out.

To appreciate the method behind the NASA search, it is necessary to know the ubiquitous authority of ATP. Like the phenomenon of bioluminescence, ATP apparently originated very far back in the history of evolution, for it is found not only in all green plants and in all animals but also in one-celled organisms that are neither plant nor animal and hence must be ancestors to both.

ATP is the closest men have come to isolating the ultimate spark of life. Without it, seeds will not germinate in the darkness of the ground; flowers and vegetables and trees cannot absorb the minerals they need for survival; animals are helpless to digest the plants they forage on; nor can man convert the meat of animals into amino acid building blocks for the frame in which he dwells. As Dr. McElroy's work confirms, fireflies cannot make their light in the summer air without ATP's power. Electric eels cannot discharge their current through the water. Beetles scurrying underground cannot employ their feelers as direction finders. No human anywhere can walk or run or jump or crawl across the land because none of his multitude of muscles can move. The heart cannot beat. The lungs cannot breathe. The brain cannot transmit intelligence—it cannot even think.

What is this marvelous stuff? It contains a pinch of sugar, which is highly concentrated energy. The sugar is mixed with adenine (the peppy element in tea), nitrogen (the pick-me-up of all green growth on earth), and phosphorus (the source of the fire in matches).

How does it manage to do the myriad jobs to which nature assigns it?

By the strictest kind of rationing. Stored as a liquid in the liver, it is sped through the blood to millions of depots in cells throughout the body. There it floats, in submicroscopic globules, on the microscopic droplets of protoplasm that integrate the activities of the cells. Precisely as much as is needed, and no more, is released for any assignment. In preparation of a nerve for transmission of a message, for instance, the quantity is measured to fit the length of that particular nerve.

The seemingly magical quality of ATP's behavior arises from its renewability. In this sense, it is like the kitchen match. At the same time that light appears at the matchhead, a slightly luminous scar is left on the surface where the match is struck. If the phosphorus that makes the scar is replaced on the match in proper proportion with the other chemicals involved, the match will light again.

IN terms of ATP, the difference between life and no life is almost imperceptible. A substance weighing a single ounce weighs thirty-one grams. It is estimated that the amount of ATP in one living cell weighs 100,000,000,000,000,000th of a gram.

The half-dozen researchers on Dr. Picciolo's team at Goddard hope, with the help of specialists from Hazleton Laboratories of Falls Church, Virginia, to refine their tracking instruments to the point where the presence of a solitary living cell can be established with certainty. Up to now, the NASA spark-of-life detectors routinely identify 1,000,000,000,000th of a gram of ATP and sometimes discover as little as 1,000,000,000,000,000th of a gram. But this is done by injecting the ATP through a hypodermic needle into a

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capsule filled with luciferin, luciferase, and oxygen: the other light-making components of a firefly's tail. The real test of the life seeker will come when the luciferin, luciferase, and oxygen are dropped onto a roll of absorbent paper and flown to altitudes where the normal population may be one organism per 10,000 cubic feet of space. Will enough ATP be scooped out of space and onto the unrolling paper to strike a light? Will the electronic innards of NASA's lightless firefly be able to catch the spark and radio news of it back to earth?

How much of the spark of life will be captured fifty miles out from the planet, where dust clouds shine at night?

How much will be found 100 miles out, where another dust layer can be seen?

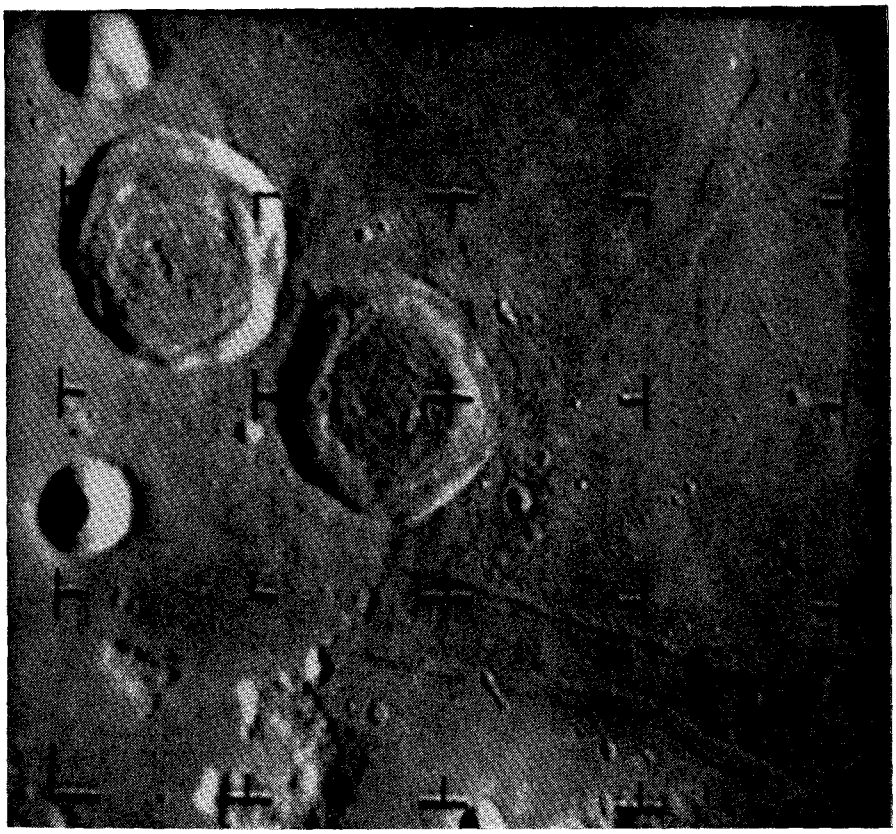
Will any be found on Mars?

In the distant time when reports are in from all the planets of the sun, when life as we know it has been thoroughly mapped, will the human spirit be less—or more—mysterious?

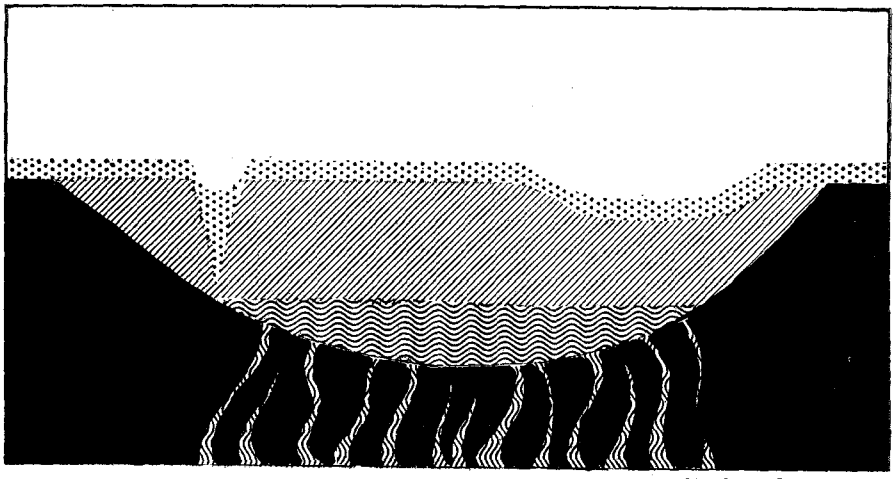
✔ ✔ ✔

THE robot photographer named Ranger 8 crashed on the moon shortly after SR/RESEARCH for March 1965 went to press. The terminus of the voyage was the lunar Sea of Tranquillity. The one finding on which virtually all astronomers agreed after scanning a random hundred of the 7,000 pictures Ranger 8 radioed home was that conditions on the surface of the Sea of Tranquillity seem essentially the same as conditions on the surface of the Known Sea into which Ranger 7 crashed last summer. From the similarity of those two basins it was postulated that all the moon's maria would not be very much different. That is, about half the lunar hemisphere visible to earth can be expected to be equally hospitable—or inhospitable, as the case may be—to the men who will ultimately land on the moon.

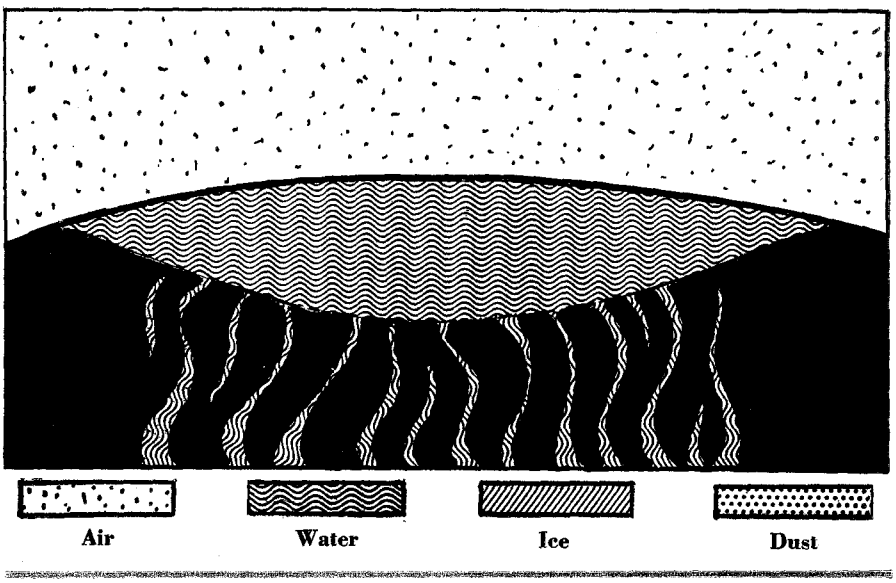
Whether the lunar surface will bear a man's weight at any point was still



—*Jet Propulsion Laboratory—NASA.*



—*Sketches by Doug Anderson.*



RANGER 8 PHOTOGRAPH reproduced at right (top) shows two "rills"—long, roughly parallel depressions across moon's surface. Above and to the right of the "rills" is a third depression irregularly shaped. Sketch immediately below the photo gives Professor Thomas Gold's explanation of these depressions: Surface dust falling into newly opened crevasse in lunar glacier (left side of sketch) accounts for the "rills" and a more extensive glacial movement leaves a basin-shaped distortion (right) in the dust. Bottom sketch shows how water from earth's oceans rose from planet's interior, protected from evaporation by earth's atmosphere. Similarly upcoming water on the moon would freeze under protection of lunar surface dust layer.

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as moot after the Ranger 8 flight as before. At the TV press conference staged by Jet Propulsion Laboratory, National Aeronautics and Space Administration contractor responsible for the Ranger voyages, one new observation bearing on the question was made by Nobel laureate Harold Urey. He pointed out in the Ranger 8 pictures what he called "dimples," into which he suggested surface dust might be draining in response to some unidentified structural mechanism below.

Later, newspaper editors served by the World Book Encyclopedia Science Service, Inc., of Houston, Texas, received an exclusive copyrighted interview with the distinguished British-born cosmologist, Dr. Thomas Gold, who is now professor of astronomy at Cornell University. Without mentioning Dr. Urey's "dimples," Professor Gold called attention to one Ranger 8 photo (see page 47) in which an irregularly shaped depression could be seen some distance away from a pair of long, parallel depressions of a sort astronomers have seen through earth-based telescopes for years and have called "rills." Professor Gold associated those three depressed features and from their presence together derived an entirely new lunar theory.

THE fundamental assumption of the theory is that the moon is made of much the same stuff as the earth, and that the stuff is governed by the same physical laws that govern earth.

Two-thirds of the earth's surface is covered by oceans, averaging almost two miles deep. The water in them was driven up from the interior of the planet by heat generated by radioactive elements. The protecting envelope of earth's atmosphere prevented the water from being evaporated by the sun as rapidly as the water appeared at the surface. Thus the oceans rose to their present depths.

Because of the smaller size of the moon, the radioactivity inside the moon would have driven up enough water to cover the moon's lowlands to an average depth somewhat greater than half a mile. But in the absence of a protecting atmosphere, this water would evaporate immediately upon reaching the lunar surface—unless the surface of the moon were covered with a protective blanket of another type.

Professor Gold says the existence of just such a blanket is evident in the pictures from Ranger 7 and from Ranger 8. Craters dug by meteorites striking the moon can be seen in all stages of sharpness, tailing off to shapes so indistinct as to be hardly recognizable. "The very gently rounded shapes could not have been formed by explosive impact; some transportation of material must therefore be invoked," Professor Gold insists. "The only form in which material can be thought to be transported on the moon's surface is in very small particles. Without the agencies that make for erosion on earth—wind and water—nothing but very small particles can be shifted about to any great extent."

The depth of this fine dust layer simply cannot be judged from pictures. "They show a terrain almost like a snow-covered landscape, with everything covered," Professor Gold notes. "Not only can one not tell at what depth the underlying rock is; one cannot even be sure that there is underlying rock. The dust deposit may be very deep and, as the depth increases, the dust may just change into a more compacted material as a result of the overlying weight.

"In a vacuum, such as exists on the moon, dust particles may have a tendency to stick to each other rather more than they do in air. Laboratory experiments strongly suggest that this is the case. The surface of the moon may thus be extremely porous and crunchy rather than a loosely flowing powder. If it is compacted only from its own weight, it can be extremely treacherous, for such a substance will contain a lot of empty space which a small addition of weight can crush out. This effect is, of course, well known for snow, where the crispest snow is the one into which one sinks the deepest."

At this juncture in his thinking, Professor Gold introduces the "rills" on the moon. These are lines, sometimes straight, sometimes curved, suggesting river beds or shallow ditches with flat bottoms. But they cannot be river beds or ditches because the moon has no running water to form such features.

SINCE the craters of the moon are gradually softened and covered up by fine dust particles, Professor Gold reasons that the "rills" must be subject to the same forces of erosion. The "rills," too, must disappear in the course of time. Yet astronomers see hundreds or even thousands of them all the time. Therefore, Professor Gold proposes, it is likely that new "rills" are constantly being formed by some kind of distortion that occurs in the lunar lowlands.

If such distortions are common on the moon, however, they clearly do not affect the circular outlines of the old, big lunar craters. So whatever is happening in the interior of the moon to cause the distortions must be happening in a material much weaker than the material making up the rims of the old, big craters. If the lowlands of the moon were covered with thick sheets of frozen lava—as some astronomers have argued—the lava could be as hard as the rims of the craters. Hence something other than lava must be involved. Professor Gold thinks the something must be ice.

Given a cover of dust particles 100 feet or more thick, Professor Gold says the water driven up from the moon's interior by radioactivity could be frozen in deep pockets. The water could not be there in liquid form, even under a deep dust layer, because radiotelescopes show that the temperature a few inches beneath the surface of the moon is 30 degrees below zero. This means the temperature would not rise above the melting point of ice until a depth of several hundreds of feet was reached. Professor Gold thinks the freezing may extend 1,000 or 2,000 feet down.

The ice would flow, as glaciers do, and the overlying layer of dust would show the effects of the movements. Crevasses opening in the ice would serve as chimneys down which the dust would drop, leaving a surface effect similar to a ditch. Since glaciers do not move the mountains through whose valleys they flow, movement of the lunar ice would not be expected to affect the circular shape of the old craters.

If ice oceans do exist on the moon, they could give rise to many problems for men landing on the moon. Once the problems were solved, however, the ice itself could be mined and used to make hydrogen to fuel earthbound rockets.

Small dust particles on the moon's surface would be much more treacherous for men to deal with. The particles would be subject to electrical forces—attraction and repulsion—which on earth are canceled out by the atmosphere and by gravity. The air here slows down the movement of dust, giving gravity more time to pull the particles straight down. On the moon, there is little if any atmosphere and much less gravity. Consequently, dust particles dislodged mechanically by the landing of a spacecraft or the footsteps of a man would jump, perhaps over considerable distances. If such particles should land on the visor of an astronaut, brushing wouldn't remove them but would instead intensify the electrical attraction.

The Russians tend to be more practical about such small but crucial obstacles than Americans do. Although they are years ahead of us in rocketry (having now demonstrated the ability to move a man out through the hatchway of a spaceship in flight and safely back again—a preliminary step to using the hatchway to link the two spaceships that will travel as one to the moon) they have not yet been so brash as to announce a date by which they will make a manned landing on the moon. Before we become still more acutely embarrassed by our lunar braggadocio, it would seem wise for Washington to abandon the virtually impossible 1970 deadline for putting an American on the moon.

—JOHN LEAR,
Science Editor.

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FLUORIDATION vs. THE CONSTITUTION

A Professor of Constitutional Law Analyzes the Conflict

By ARTHUR SELWYN MILLER

ADVANCING technology poses a number of complex legal questions, the most fundamental of which are those involving its impact upon the Constitution of the United States. Fluoridating public drinking water is one of these great public issues.

Fluoridation is the injection of a fluoride compound into water at a ratio of 0.7 to 1.2 parts to a million parts of water, depending on the climate. It is undertaken as a public health measure to help prevent dental caries. Although some claims of protection up to the age of forty years have been made, most proponents of fluoridation concede that beneficial effects beyond the age of sixteen years are doubtful. Much has been written about the fluoridation practice. Laymen are vehemently divided, for various reasons. Medical opinion appears to be largely in favor; but there are dissenters among physicians and dentists, too.

Fluoridation presents several legal problems involving fairly narrow points of law. For example, some cases have posed the question of whether a city wanting to fluoridate has authority to do so under its charter from the state legislature. However fascinating such problems may be to lawyers, they differ depending upon the city and state involved. Furthermore, they are not "fundamental"; that is, they do not raise constitutional questions. In other words, the defects in the law with which they are concerned can be cured by further legislation.

On a different level are three sets of constitutional questions, two arising from the Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution and the other from the First Amendment. None of these larger questions has yet been decided by the ultimate arbiter of constitutional law, the Supreme Court of the United States.

Thus far, the Supreme Court has dodged at least five opportunities to rule on fluoridation. That many fluoridation cases have been brought to the court from state courts. In all of these cases the state courts upheld fluoridation, and the Supreme Court denied review of the decisions. Some proponents of fluoridation have interpreted this to mean that the Supreme Court is stating that no legal problems exist, or, more strongly, that the lower courts' decisions are affirmed by the Supreme Court.

Such a view is a popular error with many laymen and even with some lawyers. For the non-lawyer, there may be some excuse for it because newsmen often speak in terms of the Supreme Court "upholding" a lower court decision when, for some reason usually unannounced, review has been denied. But lawyers should not and normally do not fall into that error.

TECHNICALLY, two main avenues may be used to get to the Supreme Court —by writ of *certiorari* and by appeal. When the Supreme Court refuses review in a denial of *certiorari*, which is discretionary with the court, the most that can be inferred from the usual terse statement—"*certiorari* denied"—is that the court has refused *at that time* to entertain the case. This may be for a variety of reasons, as former Justice Felix Frankfurter carefully explained in the case of *Maryland vs. Baltimore Radio Show, Inc.* in 1950:

"This court now declines to review the decision of the Maryland Court of Appeals. The sole significance of such denial need not be elucidated to those versed in the court's procedures. It simply means that fewer than four members of the court deemed it desirable to review a decision of the lower court as a matter 'of sound judicial discretion.' A variety of considerations underlie denials of the writ, and as to the same petition different reasons may lead different justices to the same result. This is especially true of petitions for review on writ of *certiorari* to a state court. Narrowly technical reasons may lead to denials. Review may be sought too late; the judgment of the lower court may not be final; it may not be the judgment of a state court of last resort; the decision may be supportable as a matter of state law, not subject to review by this court, even though the state court also passed on issues of federal law. A decision may satisfy all these technical requirements and yet may command itself for review to fewer than four members of the court. Pertinent considerations of judicial policy here come into play. A case may raise an important question but the record may be cloudy. It may be desirable to have different aspects of an issue further illumined by the lower courts. Wise adjudication has its own time for ripening."

Justice Stanley Reed put it more succinctly in *Brown vs. Allen* (1953), when he said the Supreme Court "has frequently said that the denial of *certiorari* 'imports no expression of opinion upon the merits of a case.'"

A SOMEWHAT different situation arises when the route to the Supreme Court is by appeal. Some scholars believe that when the court dismisses an appeal for want of "a substantial federal question" it has decided the case on the merits. But whether the justices themselves consider this to be true is not certain. What is known is that of all the attempts to obtain Supreme Court review of a case, whatever the route chosen, the court does not hear oral argument and does not write opinions on the vast bulk (80 to 85 per cent). The Supreme Court, in short, selects a relatively few cases each year for argument and extended opinion-writing on the merits. It has not as yet done so in any of the fluoridation cases, and has never explained why review has been refused. Accordingly, it is improper to say that the U.S. Supreme Court has "affirmed" state court decisions in fluoridation.

Since the Supreme Court is the final judge of constitutional law, fluoridation can fairly be said to pose a new, perhaps unique, constitutional problem. My thesis here is that adding fluoride to municipal water systems presents a significant civil liberties question, whatever the scientific merits may be.

Preliminarily, since fluoridation is so controversial, it is desirable to state the value premises from which the ensuing

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discussion proceeds. I believe, with such scientists as Michael Polanyi and Percy Bridgman, and such social scientists as Gunnar Myrdal and David Easton, that a value-free exposition is impossible, certainly in such basic matters as constitutional freedoms. One cannot avoid bringing his predilections to such discussions. Hence, to be as objective as possible, the following is stated to indicate my value position.

Considered to be a "liberal" in the modern sense of that much-abused word, although such labels are really meaningless, I believe that government has a proper as well as growing role in social and economic affairs so as to further the well-being of the American people and to help provide an economic base from which human freedom can be maximized. In the past thirty years an acceptance of national responsibility for individual welfare has been assumed.

But the traditional core of American constitutionalism is limited government. There is a point beyond which government should not go. Limits on the power of the majority to rule through their elected representatives must be recognized, else the very essence of the Constitution would be lost.

How far is too far is the subject of debate in a number of contexts. Witness, for example, the question of how far Congress can intervene to protect Negro rights. I advocate and believe that such interventions, as well as others instituted to enhance the economic well-being of Americans, can be justified under the Constitution. However, fluoridation poses a different set of questions.

Since, as has been explained above, the Supreme Court would be writing upon a clean slate should it ever agree to review and hear argument in a fluoridation case, what may reasonably be forecast should this occur?

The answer depends upon an evaluation of relevant analogies in other cases of possible similarity to fluoridation and of principles imbedded in the Constitution. It goes without saying that the Constitution itself does not mention the problem. What the Constitution does state of pertinence is:

> —Fourteenth Amendment: *"No State . . . shall deprive any person of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law, nor deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws;* and
>
> —First Amendment: *"Congress shall make no law . . . prohibiting the free exercise . . . of religion. . . ."*

The legal issues, in final analysis, are three: Does fluoridation unduly impinge upon individual liberty in contravention of the due process clause? Does fluoridation violate the guarantee of equal protection? For members of religious groups (such as Christian Scientists)

who may oppose the practice, does fluoridation infringe their right to religious freedom guaranteed by the First Amendment?

As to due process: This constitutional precept from its inception dealt with the procedure by which government performs certain acts. The essential notion is that of fairness. If a government directly and adversely affects some person, the affect should be in accordance with prescribed procedures in which that person is given an opportunity to be heard, to present evidence in his behalf, and to know what evidence is being used against him.

That original conception still exists, but it was supplemented by the Supreme Court toward the end of the nineteenth century when due process was broadened to include the substance of governmental acts as well. (This is known to lawyers as "substantive due process" as compared with "procedural due process.") In other words, due process came to mean judicial scrutiny both of *how* governmental officials acted and also *what* was enacted by legislatures. Using the new variation on the old theme, the Supreme Court, as is well known, for several decades struck down state and federal laws, particularly in labor relations, as being in violation of the liberty guaranteed by due process. The point is that the legislation was not attacked on procedural grounds (*i.e.*, that the way in which it was enacted or administered was faulty) but substantively (as violative of human liberty, mainly freedom of contract, which the court read into the Constitution).

The same distinction must be made with respect to fluoridation. The contest is between the power of state governments to legislate for the health, safety, and morals of the populace—summed up in the label of the "police power"—and the right of the individual to be free from invasions of his physical integrity. The invasion here seems to be clear: Persons are subjected to ingestion of fluoride without their consent. The constitutional question requires reconciliation of the conflicting goals of the "police power" and individual freedom.

Analysis begins with the proposition that no constitutional rights or powers are absolute. Individual rights may be circumscribed at times by government; by the same token, the Constitution erects boundaries on the exercise of governmental power. The task of Supreme Court justices is to weigh these conflicting interests, to strike balances, and to render decisions in specific cases brought before them by proper plaintiffs.

Since this judgment is one which depends upon an evaluation of the factual situation of particular cases, the concept of due process has never been precisely defined by the court. Nor will it ever be finally and definitively expounded. Lawyers know, or can make educated guesses, what may or may not be in accordance with due process by noting what has been decided in the past, in a process of inclusion and exclusion, and can then project with some certainty what the court will rule in the future. But all lawyers know that there is only a delusive certainty in the law, and that within constitutional law particularly an evolution may be seen. The Constitution, that is, is not a static document but a "living" instrument of governance; as Woodrow Wilson said, it is "the vehicle of the nation's life," not a "mere lawyers' document." American constitutional law, then, is always in a state of "becoming."

A SEARCH, accordingly, must be made for relevant analogous situations where the court has ruled and to apply those as precedents, if they are sufficiently apposite, to fluoridation. The general principles, as noted above, are clear enough, but not determinative: As Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes once remarked, "General propositions do not decide concrete cases." So far as due process is concerned, the closest analogy seems to be the case of *Jacobson vs. Massachusetts* (1905), in which the Supreme Court upheld compulsory smallpox vaccination even though medical opinion of the day was in conflict as to vaccination's worth.

The principle which emerged from this case was that a state can interfere with a person's physical integrity if the *public* welfare is sufficiently advanced thereby. As Justice John M. Harlan said in his *Jacobson* opinion, "The evils of a smallpox epidemic . . . imperiled an entire population"; accordingly, vaccination could be compelled of all inhabitants. Smallpox was an infectious disease, and vaccination was the only known way to stop the spread of the infection. Vaccination not only protected individuals themselves from attack by the disease, but it prevented them from passing the danger on to others. So vaccination was not "a plain, palpable invasion of rights."

Later rulings of the Supreme Court in other cases extended the validity of

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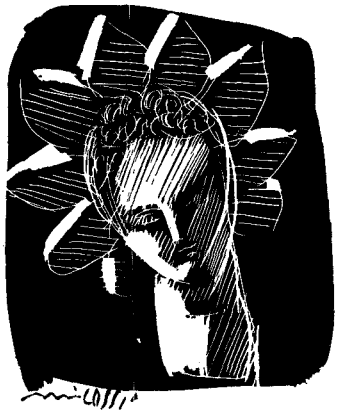
the vaccination concept beyond the moment of present peril. It was held that the state need not wait for an epidemic to threaten public harm; instead, the danger of epidemics could legally be forestalled by requiring smallpox vaccination of children as a condition of entry to public schools.

Still later, the *Jacobson* ruling was extended again to cover transmission of disease through heredity as well as through infection by contemporaries. In the 1927 case of *Buck vs. Bell*, the Supreme Court upheld the right of public health officials of the State of Virginia to sterilize a mental defective. Justice Holmes wrote the majority opinion, in which the following statement appears: "We have seen more than once that the public welfare may call upon the best citizens for their lives. It would be strange if it could not call upon those who already sap the strength of the state for these lesser sacrifices, often not felt to be such by those concerned, in order to prevent our being swamped with incompetence. It is better for all the world, if instead of waiting to execute degenerate offspring for crime, or to let them starve for their imbecility, society can prevent those who are manifestly unfit from continuing their kind. The principle that sustains compulsory vaccination is broad enough to cover cutting the Fallopian tubes. . . . Three generations of imbeciles are enough."

The Holmes opinion may be criticized on two grounds. First, there was too great a deference to the state of medical knowledge. For example, the Virginia statute permitted sterilization of epileptics, a disease which modern medicine seems to be able to treat effectively. Second, the opinion permits an invasion of bodily integrity, one of the most basic civil rights.

The *Buck* case marked the end of the stretching of the constitutional principle enunciated in *Jacobson vs. Massachusetts*. Since then, a new judicial attitude may be in process of development. *Skinner vs. Oklahoma* (1942) provides apt illustration of a possible change in mind. In that case, the Supreme Court struck down a statute permitting sterilization of "habitual criminals"—those who had been convicted three times of certain "felonies involving moral turpitude." The decision, however, was based upon the "equal protection" clause; Justice William O. Douglas said that since the state had not listed all felonies for such action, it was an invidious discrimination, and thus violative of the Fourteenth Amendment, to single out those individuals who had committed certain crimes only.



Justice Douglas said that the statute involved a right "basic to the perpetuation of a race—the right to have offspring." Noteworthy also was the fact that Chief Justice Harlan F. Stone and Justice Robert H. Jackson in concurring opinions went further and said that "due process" was also violated. Accordingly, it is fair to say that the Supreme Court would probably take a much harder look at any alleged invasions of physical integrity, should future cases be accepted for decision. The Supreme Court may well have second thoughts about the constitutional propriety of sterilization.

IF the facts and principle of *Jacobson* and *Buck* are applied to fluoridation, it is readily apparent that the cases (in lawyers' parlance) are "distinguishable." Dental caries is neither contagious nor communicable nor inheritable; the benefits of fluoridation, if that they be, are limited to a small segment of the population (children to age sixteen). The fact that some of fluoridation's proponents have called the practice nutritional rather than medicinal does not evade the reality that addition of fluoride to water is intended to prevent disease. Fluoridating water is compulsory medication—a form of "socialized medicine," for that matter—imposed, not for the *public* welfare but for the *private* welfare of a relative few. All residents of a city which fluoridates, however, are required to take part unless they want to go to the expense and trouble of providing themselves with unfluoridated bottled water.

The situation seems to be entirely different from vaccination for contagious diseases. There exists no danger of public exposure which would transmit dental caries from one person to another. Furthermore, tooth decay does not endanger a person's life in the acute way that smallpox or other lethal diseases do. Finally, it is only by an unjustifiable assumption that the children of today will be the adults of the future in cities which fluoridate, that the *public* weal can possibly be said to be involved. Proponents argue that helping today's children is a public benefit, for they will be the adults of tomorrow. That assumption ignores that ours is a mobile populace and that many people do not stay in the same city all their lives. In other words, the argument of public good in fluoridation has a shaky factual foundation, those who may be benefited not necessarily being the "public" of tomorrow in those cities which fluoridate. Under the *Jacobson* case, the "general public" of a *particular* jurisdiction must benefit—a situation which likely will not be present in cities which fluoridate.

Furthermore, and perhaps of more importance, fluoridation deprives the individual of his right to care for himself as he sees fit. Medication is forced upon him, even though a failure to use fluoride does not harm anyone else or infringe on another person's rights.

ACCORDINGLY, the conclusion seems valid that fluoridation cannot be justified on the basis of past precedent. If upheld, a new constitutional principle would have to be created—that government has power to act to affect the health of persons whenever a legislature or city council deemed it desirable, whether or not those persons consented. That is indeed a radical extension of the police power as it has been known in the past.

Some language by Justice Harlan in the *Jacobson* case is relevant: "There is, of course, a sphere within which the individual may assert the supremacy of his own will and rightfully dispute the authority of any human government, especially of a free government existing under a written constitution, to interfere with the exercise of that will. But it is equally true that in every well-ordered society charged with the duty of conserving the safety of its members, the rights of the individual in respect of his liberty may at times, *under the pressure of great dangers*, be subjected to such restraint, to be enforced by reasonable regulations, as *the safety of the general public may demand.*" (Italics added.) No one asserts that failure to fluoridate presents "great dangers" to the "safety of the general public."

If precedent is unavailable, as is maintained above, the principle may be tested by applying it to other situations. Suppose that a state legislature, paying heed to the Surgeon General's report linking smoking to lung cancer, enacts a statute making it compulsory for all cities to inject into water systems a substance which would make a person who smokes nauseous. This statute, we will suppose, was enacted under the police power for furtherance of the public health. Can it be doubted that the principle which upholds fluoridation would validate such a statute? Other hypothetical cases can be posed. For example, a similar statute might be passed to control drinking of alcoholic beverages. Or a legislature might decide that overweight people were endangering their health and pass a law making a reducing diet mandatory. Again, the fluoridation principle would appear to

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sustain these interventions of human freedom. (Would advocates of fluoridation also favor these measures?)

What has been said thus far is based on the assumption that fluoridation actually provides the protection claimed for it in the mouths of children, and does not at the same time endanger the general health of the children or of adults. Of course, a stronger case could be made for holding fluoridation invalid if it could be shown that substantial medical opinion disputed fluoridation's value or believed that harm might result from continued ingestion of fluoridated water. Even if it could be shown that the long-term effects were not known, this would be a weighty argument against the practice. We are beginning to see the effects of a too-quick, unquestioning acceptance of scientific progress. Compare, in this regard, the revelations in Rachel Carson's *Silent Spring* of harm resulting from indiscriminate use of insecticides and pesticides, and the record of the thalidomide disaster in which a drug with the limited benefit of inducing sleep in adults (including restless prospective mothers) was found after widespread use to have horrible side-effects on unborn babies.

Finally, the fact that chlorinating city water supplies is constitutionally valid does not provide an apt analogy to fluoridation. If a city furnishes water, then it has a duty to purify it. Chloride performs a purifying function. Fluoride, however, is intended as medication for those who drink the water; it does not purify the water.

ON due process grounds alone, to sum this part up, fluoridation may be constitutionally challenged—whatever the state of medical opinion may be. Also available is the "equal protection" concept, the constitutional statement of the equality principle. Argued (futilely) in some of the state cases, it is bottomed on the fact that fluoridation benefits only a minority of the population. About forty years ago Justice Holmes called equal protection the "usual last resort of constitutional arguments." However, since then the concept has been increasingly employed by the Supreme Court in a number of contexts, notably race relations. But the state courts have not been persuaded that all who drink fluoridated water must profit equally—or at all. The public benefit is present, according to the Supreme Court of Oregon, even though only a minority is directly benefited; the test is whether the evil sought to be dealt with is of a sufficiently serious nature. The Oregon court found it so. This, it should be said, may well be in consonance with today's Supreme Court doctrine. Many Supreme Court decisions of the last fifty years have upheld laws that applied differently under different circumstances. Examples are zoning regulations covering building construction, restriction of advertising on billboards as opposed to ads in newspapers, limitations on the activities of aliens as opposed to the acts of citizens, special legislation to regulate the milk industry, and so on. Under the impetus of today's race laws, however, the court seems to be re-examining the whole concept of equality. In weighing future questions involving civil rights, the justices may be less willing than before to accept discriminatory legislation on any ground. Thus, although the "equal protection" clause is, on the record, the weakest defense against fluoridation, this avenue of redress is far from closed. Anyhow, the Supreme Court does not require more than one reason for declaring a practice unconstitutional. The "due process" clause is enough.

RELIGIOUS freedom presents a different situation, and provides additional reason to question fluoridation. The suit must be brought by a person whose religious beliefs forbid participation in such measures. The Christian Science Church has contested (again, futilely) some fluoridation ordinances. (Perhaps it is desirable to state that I do not belong to any church with such beliefs.)

The First Amendment's "free exercise" of religion clause speaks in absolute terms—"Congress shall make *no* law . . ." —but has not been so interpreted. Furthermore, the amendment limits the states, as well as the federal government, for by judicial construction it has been "absorbed" or "incorporated" into the due process clause of the Fourteenth Amendment (which is directed toward the states).

Although fluoridation without question interferes with the beliefs of some religious sects, this has not stopped those state courts before which it has been argued from rejecting it. But the Supreme Court has not yet met the argument on its merits. Its religious freedom decisions run the gamut from one which outlawed compulsory flag salutes for members of the Jehovah's Witnesses sect to one which upheld making polygamy a crime even though it was then a tenet of the Mormon Church.

Somewhere between flag saluting and polygamy lies fluoridation. Perhaps the most that can be said now is that it is another hurdle which must often be met by proponents of fluoridation. The difficulty in compulsory medication against religious beliefs may be seen in a recent case decided by the U.S. Court of Appeals in the District of Columbia. A woman in Georgetown University Hospital required blood transfusions in order to save her life. She and her husband both refused to consent, stating that it would be contrary to their religious beliefs. The Hospital authorities got Judge Skelly Wright of the Court of Appeals to issue an order permitting them to administer the transfusions. This was done and the woman eventually recovered.

But Judge Wright's individual order was appealed to the entire court, which upheld it. The case reveals some of the complexities inherent in religious freedom when it conflicts with societal wishes imposed through government. Should a court intervene to make a woman take medication against her religious beliefs? While courts have long done so when children need medication, this is because children are considered to be entitled to special protection. Not so with adults, however, unless a new principle is to be written into law.

The point, for present purposes, is that a city inevitably denies religious freedom to those belonging to a few churches when it undertakes fluoridation. The question of the protection of the rights of minorities, which, under American constitutionalism is a cardinal aspect of our system of government, creates difficult problems of judgment. If liberty is to be maximized, then such public invasions of individual rights should not be permitted in the absence of great public need. For unless the rights of minorities, religious or otherwise, are protected, the liberties of all are in danger.

This is particularly relevant in contemplating the question of feasible alternatives to fluoridation of public drinking water. On the one hand, it is said that the person objecting can buy bottled water or move to another community. The latter is scarcely a reasonable choice, and the alternative of bottled water is really a proposition which at best cuts two ways. There are feasible methods for city officials to get fluoride to children said to be in need of it. Bottled water, tablets, or other forms of the compound could be distributed free to parents who wish their children to have it. This would put the responsibility squarely upon those who should bear it—the parents who bring children into the world.

No one is in favor of tooth decay—nor of lung cancer or alcoholism, for that matter. But an imprecise point exists beyond which government, in my judgment, should not go. It is one thing to study and publish conclusions about

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smoking or drinking or to recommend fluoride for children. To furnish help, when asked for, in any of those instances seems entirely proper. But it is quite another thing to say that government should intervene to protect people from what the experts may think are people's own follies. That type of governmental activity should be held to be beyond the constitutionally permissable.

Some doctors believe that the issues in health matters, such as fluoridation, are too complex for understanding by the people at large. Accordingly, they advocate leaving it to the expert to take action, rather than putting it up to a vote. This indeed is a far cry from the concept of individualism and of human freedom. Experts should be "on tap"—but not "on top." Advancing technology may mean that a considerable segment of governmental decision-making has been and will continue to be handed over to the "expert," and that government by a scientific elite is not far-fetched. If so, it behooves all to be wary. As Justice Louis D. Brandeis said almost forty years ago in the case of *Olmstead vs. United States*: "Experience should teach us to be most on our guard to protect liberty when the government's purposes are beneficent. Men born to freedom are naturally alert to repel invasion of their liberty by evil-minded rulers. The greatest dangers to liberty lurk in the insidious encroachment by men of zeal, well-meaning but without understanding."

Constitutional problems are knotty and controversial; they are not easily answered. Their resolution often, perhaps usually, calls for adjustments and accommodations among conflicting interests. The "public welfare" includes the welfare of dissenting minorities. More importantly, it includes the right of the individual to work out his own destiny as his own mind and conscience dictates, so long as he does not endanger others. That is the command of the Constitution; that is the core of a free society.

Arthur Selwyn Miller teaches constitutional law at the George Washington University in Washington, D.C. Since 1961 he has been a full professor of law on the staff of the George Washington Law School and Graduate School of Public Law. Before joining the faculty there, he was professor of law at Emory University in Atlanta, Georgia. He took his A.B. degree at Willamette University, Salem, Oregon (1938), his LL.B. at Stanford Law School, Palo Alto, California (1949), and his J.S.D. at Yale University Law School (1959). Law articles by him have been published in SR, "The Reporter," "Yale Review," and "Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Science."

SCIENCE IN JOURNALS

BUT, PLEASE GEORGE, WRITE IT IN ENGLISH!

A Woman Reporter's Struggle with a Nobelist

ONCE UPON A TIME a long time ago, I managed to satisfy my full science requirement at Pomona College by taking a lecture course in chemistry. (That's right; no lab.) I got an A on my term paper, which had to do with the use of sulfur dioxide in preserving fruit. Thirty years later, I rediscovered the paper—in a beat-up carton which also contained a desiccated corsage—and I gave it to my husband to read. He nearly died laughing.

Much had happened during those thirty years. Such faint interest as I may have had in science had vanished under the pressures of the depression, the war, marriage, motherhood, widowhood, and the necessity of making regular payments on the mortgage. I'd racked up some experience in the advertising business and, by the 1950s, was a newspaper reporter.

The literary approach to these two specialties is, by the standards of scientific writing, somewhat imprecise. In retail advertising, before the Federal Trade Commission concerned itself with the proper labeling of furs, I had thought up as many aliases for rabbit as any other imaginative copywriter; and I had mastered the art of generalization.

As for the newspaper: It was a tabloid. My editor's credo was: "Keep it gutsy!" He pruned away all tendencies on my part to use polysyllables or the passive tense, taught me to build sentences from small, strong words and keep paragraphs short.

Then, in 1953, I married a scientist.

Talk about living in an ivory tower! George W. Beadle didn't know who Marilyn Monroe was. He'd never seen a horse race. And although he talked about zygotes with diploid sets of autosomes as if he were speaking English, he'd blink and look puzzled when I said I'd had trouble telescoping eight graphs into one in time for the bulldog lockup.

We'll, we've both learned a lot.

George is a geneticist. Within this field of science, there has recently been an explosion of knowledge comparable in significance to Mendel's discoveries about inheritance in the nineteenth century. What has been learned is of great import to the whole of society.

But all you have to do to scare my generation out of its wits is to say "deoxyribonucleic acid." It's immaterial that our *children* understand what DNA is; insofar as we oldsters are concerned, familiarity with modern molecular biology is in the same class as a complicated income tax return. We leave it to the experts and hope for the best.

Unfortunately, the experts can't (or at least *shouldn't*) make decisions for all of us on the control of radioactive fallout or the right of people with inherited diseases to reproduce as freely as people without such diseases. Whether one race has an inherited superiority to another race is no longer a purely academic question, either.

In our kind of society, the formation of intelligent opinion about such matters isn't going to occur until ordinary citizens understand the new genetics much better than they do now. Which is why my husband so often used to make speeches on the subject to any group of nonscientists who were curious enough and concerned enough to try to understand it.

HE developed great skill in the art of keeping people awake long enough to learn something of what's been happening in biology since they dissected a frog back in '48. For example, our Siamese cats often shared the platform with him. (Their pigmentation illustrates an important point about genetic control of body chemistry.) Audiences also found themselves participating in George's demonstrations. And he made much use of analogies drawn from everyday life.

It was one of these analogies, in fact, that got me into my recent difficulties.

As George told it, there was once a housewife who made such good angel food cake that many people asked for her recipe. On one occasion when she wrote it out, however, she listed thirteen egg whites instead of the twelve egg whites she should have specified. The cook who followed that copy of the recipe got a cake so light and delicate that *her* recipe

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for angel food cake became the one that all the members of the Ladies' Guild requested. The twelve-egg cake thus became extinct and the thirteen-egg cake survived.

The original cook's mistake when copying the recipe, George pointed out, was a mutation; and the subsequent replacement of the twelve-egg cake by the thirteen-egg cake was a perfect example of evolution by natural selection. It may have been that some of the ladies in his audiences felt that it was also a perfect example of the foolishness of sharing your recipes with anyone; but, for whatever reason, they listened.

On the evening that George first used the angel food cake analogy, I was full of praise. Riding home afterwards, I said, "That cake idea was great. So is your comparison of DNA code to Morse code. And to describe transfer RNA as a postman delivering packages. . . . Say! I'll bet there would be a market for your lectures in written form. Books that are supposedly written for 'the intelligent layman' all seem to degenerate into scientific double-talk by the third chapter. Why don't you write a really simple one?"

TELLING someone in academic life that he ought to write a book is like telling a pretty girl that she ought to be in the movies. They can't resist the idea. But in this case, I oversold it. George decided that *I* ought to do the writing. His theory was that if I understood the hydrogen bonding of nucleotides well enough to describe it, *anybody* would understand it. He'd determine the content and provide the outline, of course; I'd have to do little more than substitute language for the sections where, on the speaker's platform, he waves his arms around. . . .

That was three years ago.

The publisher's jacket blurb will undoubtedly describe the book as a collaborative venture, but that's because we've kept the sordid details secret. I don't know how it is with the Overstreets or the Lockridges, but with us it hasn't been collaboration—it's been controversy and compromise every step of the way.

1. We disagreed about structure.

I wanted short paragraphs, a picture on every page, and at least one joke per chapter. George believes that you should start with a topic sentence and refrain from paragraphing until you've fully developed the thought, which is likely to be three pages later.

2. We disagreed about style.

My first draft was full of eureka-type prose. (Upon returning to the laboratory, Smith glanced at the rack of test tubes. They were cloudy. Could this be the breakthrough he had hoped for?") George had a fit. And you should have seen him wince when I wrote that something or other had been proved. According to my mentor, it's preferable to say that the analysis undertaken by several investigators was not without success.

3. We disagreed about vocabulary.

It wasn't difficult to decide on the basic scientific vocabulary that we would expect our readers to master. After all, if your subject was genes, chromosomes, and nucleic acids, you might as well name them. And we agreed on the elimination of truly exotic terminology. It cannot be disputed that there is a net gain in clarity when one refers to a T_2 phage as a virus.

But we quarreled about use of the jargon that characterizes not only genetics but every other profession, art, or craft—from the psychologists' sibling (for "brother or sister") to the astronauts' mach number (for "the ratio of the speed of a body to the speed of sound in the surrounding atmosphere"). To groups that use such terms, they are quick and precise. To groups that don't, they're incomprehensible.

Naturally, George opted for the jargon of genetics. And his reason was sound: To translate specialized terms into layman's language usually requires whole phrases that, by comparison to the original, are long-winded and cumbersome. It *is* simpler to say that a person is heterozygous for curly hair (seven words) than to explain that he has received a gene for curly hair from one parent and a gene for straight hair from the other parent (twenty-one words).

Nevertheless, I preferred the longer way home. If I said it once, I said it a thousand times: "But, George, it's more *readable* in everyday English." Sometimes, I convinced him.

4. On content, we disagreed about depth and scope.

Oddly, it was I—not George—who pressed for the inclusion of material that was too complicated for Joe Doakes.

Scientific research, I had discovered, is a highly creative process. At its best, it proceeds via great leaps of imagination into the unknown; and the elegance and sophistication of the thinking behind such leaps excited me. I therefore attempted to write excessively detailed accounts of research methods, and engaged in long forays into chemistry, mathematics, or physics.

For example, when I reached the point of writing about discoveries that had been made possible by invention of the electron microscope, I realized that to understand this instrument one should know something about the physical nature of light. So I undertook some independent research on the subject. The result was three pages in which I summarized all of twentieth-century physics.

When George read it, he said, "Honey, where did you get that stuff?"

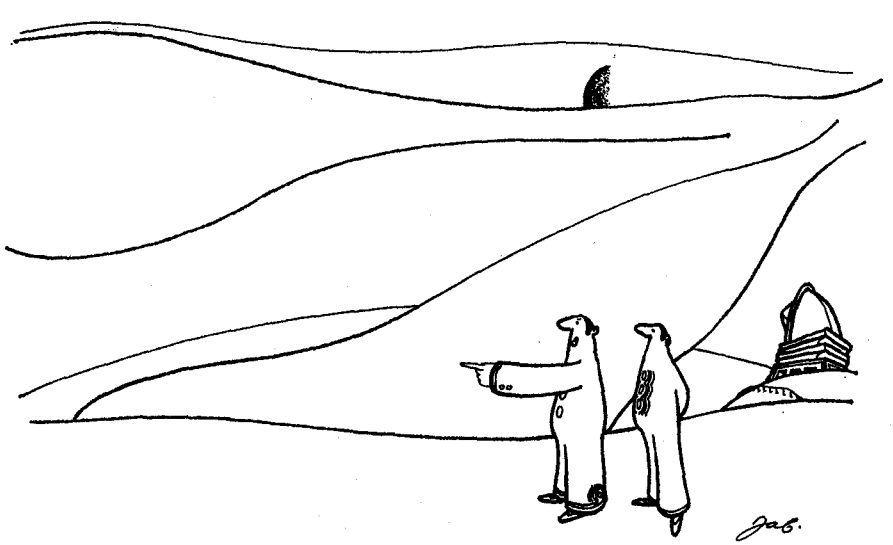
"From the *Encyclopedia Britannica* and the *Life Science Library*," I replied. "Furthermore, I think it's a remarkably lucid exposition of difficult material."

"Oh, it is," he agreed. "But it also happens to be wrong."

Our book is now in final draft. The manuscript will be ready to send to the publisher as soon as I do a little surgery on an addition of George's that begins, "These data would seem to confirm. . . ."

I should be happy, after all these months, to be getting rid of the heap of pages on my desk. But I'm not. Once they've gone, what on earth are we going to talk about after dinner?

—MURIEL BEADLE
in *Pomona Today*.



"You make a left turn of the century, another left at the last epoch, and walk straight into the millennium."

The George W. Beadle with whom Muriel Beadle is debating her forthcoming book (publisher: Doubleday) is a Nobel laureate in genetics and president of the University of Chicago.

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LETTERS TO THE SCIENCE EDITOR

Reality or Unreality?

I AM SURE that many will find Dr. William Glasser's RESEARCH FRONTIER [*SR*, Mar. 6] heartening. The concept of "Reality Therapy," its view of emotional illness, and its approach in assisting an individual's growth is obviously a more constructive orientation than the current varieties of the orthodox cult.

One wonders whether the placid, aloof stance of the conventional therapist is not after all a safe and very necessary pose for its practitioners. When one lacks capacity for real rapport, when one is not equipped to offer or sustain a relationship with someone frightened and hostile, the stance might require some of the actor's self-control, but it is much less threatening than actual involvement and commitment.

It would seem that what we need are not more clinics, training institutes, government-subsidized research corrals for investigating the physiologic and psychologic minutiae of human suffering. It would appear that what we need are more people strong enough, astute enough, concerned enough, and whole enough to know how to give themselves.

ROBERT E. EPSTEIN.
Rosemont, Ill.

IN THE DEVELOPMENT of psychological theory, there has been a gradual infiltration of challenges to the Freudian text. The numerous schools and their fragmentation have become a Pandora's box, but there are coming into view concepts tending toward a biochemical mechanism and leading away from those myth-making tendencies in man's intuitional nature. The error of the Freudian exposition is in its negation of individual responsibility and the overemphasis on sex as a primary motivation. As early as the middle of this century, one Andrew Salter wrote a book called, *Conditioned Reflex Therapy*, and quoted Pavlov's "excitation, inhibition, and disinhibition" as the fundamental approach to "personality reconstruction." Is this view now emerging as "Reality Therapy"—a return to Pavlov?

RAYMOND WITTL.
Jefferson, Wis.

AS A PSYCHOANALYST, I was very favorably impressed with Dr. William Glasser's words about "Reality Therapy." He has successfully gotten away from the "medical fixation" of American psychiatry and psychoanalysis that so embittered Freud in his later years. Dr. Glasser's concept of therapy as education, though not new with him, met a responsive chord within me. However, my enthusiasm for Dr. Glasser turned to utter dismay when he, in the last paragraph, described what he actually *does*. He reveals that "In Reality Therapy we spend much time painstakingly examining the patient's daily activity and suggesting better ways for him to behave. We answer the many questions . . . and suggest ways to solve problems. . . ."

Here is another hopeful therapy gone down the drain because its inventor feels that he somehow knows better ways of behaving than do his patients. Where psychiatrists assume to have gotten such wisdom is, indeed, very puzzling. Freud was more modest in assessing his ability or right to influence his fellow man.

ROBERT SEIDENBERG, M.D.
New York, N.Y.

THANKS for the very interesting article about Doctor Glasser. I admire your enterprise in picking up these new and interesting points of view.

KARL MENNINGER, M.D.
The Menninger Foundation.
Topeka, Kans.

Engineered

I WAS VERY PLEASED with the way you treated the establishment of the National Academy of Engineering [*SR*, Feb. 6]. I have only one very minor suggestion to make. You indicate that my suggestion that a National Engineering Foundation be established was not heeded. Nevertheless, I believe that constant pressure by several of us on the need for emphasis on engineering by the National Science Foundation did contribute in some small measure to the elevation of the status of the engineering activities in NSF. In other words, the correction in this case was an internal one rather than through the establishment of a new organization.

HAROLD K. WORK,
Secretary,
National Academy of Engineering.
New York, N.Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *It may appropriately be noted that Dr. Eric Walker, president of Pennsylvania State University and vice president of the new National Academy of Engineering, is now the chairman of the governing board of the National Science Foundation.*

DIDN'T YOU GO a little too far in attributing loose contractual arrangements to the National Academy of Sciences in your report on the new National Academy of Engineering [*SR*, Feb. 6]? I would suppose the Academy to be as meticulous as any other responsible organization.

JOHN BENDER.
Paradise, Pa.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *SR's science editor seems inadvertently to have created a wrong impression when he wrote that "the success of the National Academy of Sciences as an advisor to the federal government has rested largely in a refusal to dot 'i's' and cross 't's' of contractual arrangements. For example, NAS has consistently denied official agency requests for names of members of advisory panels or details of the panel agendas." The point intended by this passage was that names of panel members and details of panel agendas are not submitted by the Academy for advance review and approval by the government agencies concerned. Adoption of this posture by the Academy not only prevents direct influence of advisory panel decisions by government agencies, but also discourages indirect manipulation of scientific advice through appointment of orthogonal committees—panels of advisors whose identities are known, whose commitment to certain ideas is well established, and who can therefore be counted on to bring in recommendations that strike a problem at right angles and cancel each other out, leaving the bureaucrats free to do what they wanted to do before asking advice but dared not do without going through the motions of disposing of scientific criticism. When the orthogonal committees perform as expected the bureaucrats say: "If the scientists can't agree among themselves we'll simply have to do what seems best to us."*

DETLEV BRONK was, I believe, the *third* chairman of the National Science Board, not the first [*SR*, Feb. 2]. The first chairman was James Conant. When Conant resigned, Chester I. Barnard became chairman. Bronk succeeded Barnard.

Incidentally, Barnard's significant contributions to science, especially the science of administration, as well as to the administration of science, are unhappily overlooked these days.

HARRY ALPERT,
Dean of Faculties,
University of Oregon.
Eugene, Ore.

Megamistake

A SMALL BUT UNUSUAL error in an otherwise good article can often make you lose confidence in whatever the author has to say. An example is on page 56 of the February 6, 1965, issue of *Saturday Review*. In two places the unit, milliwatt, is used in place of the correct unit, megawatt. A megawatt equals one million watts; a milliwatt equals one one-thousandths of a watt.

R. F. STEINHART.
Springfield, N.J.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *SR's science editor thanks reader Steinhart for an opportunity to note that the error was not committed by Dr. Alvin Weinberg, director of the Oak Ridge National Laboratory and author of the Research Frontier in our issue of February 6. The error occurred in translation of abbreviations contained in the original Weinberg text.*

Doctors vs. Fluoride

AT LONG LAST, the most important aspect of public water fluoridation has been lucidly put [*SR*/RESEARCH, Jan. 2]. To think that the most lucid of statements on this should come from supporters of fluoridation!

RICHARD E. SMITH.
Redding, Calif.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The statement referred to above called compulsory fluoridation of public drinking water a violation of civil rights. The statement was published on the editorial page of "The Massachusetts Physician," and included the observation that the editors of "The Massachusetts Physician" favored fluoridation.*

After SR reproduced excerpts from this editorial, another issue of "The Massachusetts Physician" published a critical letter from Dr. Fredrick J. Stare, chairman, de-

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partment of nutrition, Harvard School of Public Health. Beneath Dr. Stare's letter the following words appeared in bold-face type:

** * * We support fluoridation. It is not a civil rights issue—ED.*

The apparent reversal in "The Massachusetts Physician's" editorial opinion was not explained.

As a practicing physician of many years and a former president of the Bay Ridge Medical Society of Brooklyn, I congratulate you on the excellent reporting you have done on fluoridation of the public water supply, especially your article regarding the civil rights aspect of this problem [*SR*, Jan. 2].

The Bay Ridge Medical Society has adopted a resolution opposed to artificial fluoridation, and it has been our contention that there are so many unknowns to the lifetime use of fluoride chemicals in our drinking water that no one can guarantee its safety to all. It is unfortunate that some members of the medical community have gone along with the propaganda put out by those who so aggressively promote fluoridation.

Our best wishes to *Saturday Review* for its courageous position on this vital issue.

Vincent E. Maroney, M.D.
Brooklyn, N.Y.

We have always felt that the civil liberties aspect of fluoridation was an important issue, although it has been played down by many of those opposing fluoridation.

A. Allen London, D.D.S.
Boonton, N.J.

Editor's note: *Dr. London is secretary of the Medical-Dental Committee on Evaluation of Fluoridation, an informal organization of thousands of physicians and dentists who oppose fluoridation of public drinking water.*

Roman Reports

The article "300 Years of Storing Words," by J. R. Porter [*SR*, Jan. 2], begins with the statement "We do not know the precise date of the first scientific report." A candidate for that honor was proposed by the late John Anderson Miller in *Technical Writing Review* (Vol. 3, No. 3, Summer 1956).

When the reform government headed by Nerva Augustus Caesar came into power in Rome in A.D. 96, he appointed Sextus Julius Frontinus to the post of Water Commissioner. Frontinus undertook an investigation of the entire water supply system and, in A.D. 97, reported his findings. Mr. Miller called it "a document of which any technical writer might well be proud."

The full text of the report is given in *Frontinus and the Water Supply of the City of Rome*, by Clemens Herschel, published in 1913 by Longmans Green & Company.

John H. Wood.
Bala Cynwyd, Pa.

Editor's note: *Joseph Needham's exhaustive study of science in China (Cambridge University Press) notes scientific reports to the emperors of ancient China at least several centuries before the beginning of the Christian era.*

The Law on Human Guinea Pigs

Although the regulations promulgated by the United States Food and Drug Administration under the new drug control law sponsored by the late U.S. Senator Estes Kefauver of Tennessee give physicians the privilege of deciding for themselves when experiments may be conducted on patients without the patients' knowledge or consent, experimenters cannot thus wholly escape the surveillance of society and avoid appropriate accounting for abuse of patients' civil rights.

That is the gist of an historic decision handed down last March 18 by the Court of Appeals of the State of New York, sitting in Albany. In the case of William A. Hyman vs. the Jewish Chronic Disease Hospital of Brooklyn, the Court of Appeals voted 4-3 to uphold the right and responsibility of directors of hospitals to know about the nature and fate of experiments conducted in the hospitals.

Mr. Hyman, an internationally known lawyer, has for many years been a member of the board of directors of the Jewish Chronic Disease Hospital. A year ago he filed suit to obtain the hospital records after three physicians on the hospital staff resigned in protest against a set of experiments initiated at Sloan-Kettering Institute for Cancer Research and carried out at the Jewish Chronic Disease Hospital. Live cancer cells had been injected into twenty-two old and helpless patients who did not have cancer at the time of the injections.

Mr. Hyman charged that the patients' informed consent had not been obtained. The hospital said oral consent had been obtained. In the midst of the court action, one of the patients sued the hospital for damages on the ground that the doctors who treated him did not mention cancer.

The two physicians in charge of the experiments complained of by Mr. Hyman are now on trial before a physicians' panel of the licensing board of the New York State Education Department to determine whether their licenses to practice medicine should be suspended or revoked.

The Jewish Chronic Disease Hospital contended that Mr. Hyman had no right to examine the records of the experiments because these were records of a confidential relationship between physician and patient. The hospital appealed a special term Supreme Court ruling in Mr. Hyman's favor. The Appellate Division of the Supreme Court upheld the appeal. The Court of Appeals reversed the Appellate Division in the following words:

"Special Term was correct in its holding that petitioner, being a director of a hospital corporation, is entitled as a matter of law to an inspection of the records of the hospital to investigate into the facts as to alleged illegal and improper experimentation on patients."

—J.L.

Househusbandry

To or about Robert Varga, the "househusband" of the January 2 issue of *SR*:

Why can't the certainly brave and obviously intelligent Mr. Varga tell his kids, folks, credit reference people, and everyone else that he spends the day at home because he is a *writer*? How many housewives do you suppose spend an hour or three almost daily on music, art, writing, etc., with or without pay? Mr. Varga is a good writer, and could be published!

Mrs. Joseph Cuba.
Chesterfield, Mo.

Housewifery

I don't really feel inadequate, but I keep feeling I should, for these reasons.

I do *not* want a career (in science or anything else!) combined with my marriage.

My husband, as the head of our home, is *very* appealing to me. I feel this is a normal attitude. My personal opinion is that a wife's biggest (and I hope, happiest) role is that of a "cushion" for the husband and children returning home from the cold, competitive world outside.

I enjoy cooking and caring for my family. Talking and joking with three children is delightful—most of the time. A visit to the library has never been dull yet. I like having time to read, or just be quiet during the day. Incidentally, one is not compelled to read women's magazines. Or listen to soap opera. Or gossip on the phone.

Will *someone* please recognize that many intelligent women are *still* finding fulfilment in homemaking and rearing a family?

Shelley Graham Dickquist.
East Syracuse, N.Y.

Editor's note: *SR's science editor has no intention of derogating the intelligent housewife. One of the best statements of her case is Phyllis McGinley's book, "Sixpence in Her Shoe" (Macmillan, $4.95).*

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The Selma March

Continued from page 17

ington would feel and respond to the shocked reactions with action.

On Tuesday, March 9, Judge Frank M. Johnson of the Federal District Court in Montgomery issued an order enjoining me and the local Selma leadership of the nonviolent voting rights movement from peacefully marching to Montgomery. The issuance of Judge Johnson's order caused disappointment and bitterness to all of us. We had looked to the federal judiciary in Alabama to prevent the unlawful interference with our program to expand elective franchise for Negroes throughout the Black Belt.

I consulted with my lawyers and trusted advisors both in Selma and other parts of the country and discussed what course of action we should take. Information came in that troopers of the Alabama State Police and Sheriff James Clark's possemen would be arrayed in massive force across Highway 80 at the foot of Pettus Bridge in Selma. I reflected upon the role of the federal judiciary as a protector of the rights of Negroes. I also gave thoughtful consideration to the hundreds of clergymen and other persons of good will who had come to Selma to make a witness with me in the cause of justice by participating in our planned march to Montgomery. Taking all of this into consideration, I decided that our plans had to be carried out and that I would lead our march to a confrontation with injustice to make a witness to our countrymen and the world of our determination to vote and be free.

As my associates and I were spiritually preparing ourselves for the task ahead, Governor Leroy Collins, chairman of the newly created Community Relations Service under the Civil Rights Act of 1964, and John Doar, Acting Assistant Attorney General, Civil Rights Division, came to see me to dissuade me from the course of action which we had painfully decided upon.

Governor Collins affirmed and restated the commitment of President Johnson to the achievement of full equality for all persons without regard to race, color, or creed, and his commitment to securing the right to vote for all persons eligible to do so. He very strongly urged us not to march. I listened attentively to both Mr. Doar and Governor Collins. I explained to them why, as a matter of conscience, I felt it was necessary to seek a confrontation with injustice on Highway 80. I asked them to try to understand that I would rather die on the highway in Alabama than make a butchery of my conscience by compromising with evil. The Reverend Fred Shuttlesworth said to the Governor that instead of urging us not to march, he should urge the state troopers not to be brutal toward us and not attempt to stop our peaceful march. Governor Collins realized at that point that we were determined to march and left the room, saying that he would do what he could to prevent the state troopers from being violent.

It is important to stress once again that no prearranged agreement existed. Whether Governor Collins and other officials from the federal government talked with Mr. Lingo and the officials in Alabama is something that I do not know.

All I do know is that just as we started to march, Governor Collins rushed to me and said that he felt everything would be all right. He gave me a small piece of paper indicating a route that I assume Mr. Baker, Public Safety Director of Selma, wanted us to follow. It was the same route that had been taken on Sunday. The press, reporting this detail, gave the impression that Governor Collins and I had sat down and worked out some compromise. There were no talks or agreements between Governor Collins and me beyond the discussions I have just described. I held on to my decision to march despite the fact that many people in the line were concerned about breaking the court injunction issued by one of the strongest and best judges in the South. I felt that we had to march at least to the point where the troopers brutalized the people on Sunday even if it would mean a recurrence of violence, arrest, or even death. As a nonviolent leader, I could not advocate breaking through a human wall set up by the policemen. While we desperately desired to proceed to Montgomery, we knew before we started our march that this human wall set up on Pettus Bridge would make it impossible for us to go beyond it. It was not that we didn't intend to go on to Montgomery, but that, in consideration of our commitment to nonviolent action, we knew we could not go under the present conditions.

As to our next step:

As soon as we had won legal affirmation of our right to march to Montgomery, the next phase hinged on the successful completion of our mission to petition the Governor to take meaningful measures to abolish voting restrictions, the poll tax, and police brutality.

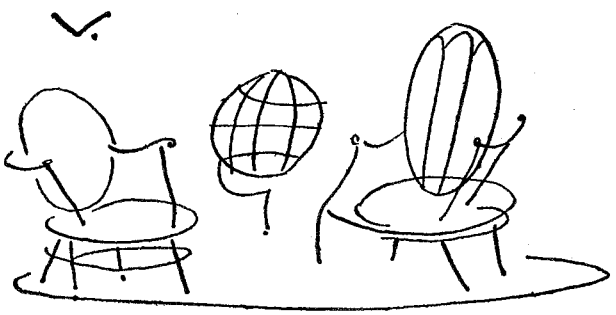
Travel

Continued from page 39

1783. Its old house, slave quarters, and decorous patio are all intact, less the slaves, of course, and have since been divided into rooms for guests which rent for $15 single and from $18.50 to $24.50 for two. Another place that calls itself, somewhat to my distaste, the Place d'Armes Motor Hotel has a superb location just off Jackson Square and just opposite the Presbytere, an ancient government building. There is nothing motorish about the hotel, but it is creeping with architectural interpretations of the local idiom, among them brick arcades leading to the swimming pool, azalea bushes, galleries hanging over the podocarpus and magnolia, and a patio that leads directly into the back door of a French art gallery. The roof garden, not yet finished, has sweeping views of the Mississippi and of the city's forest of church spires, every bit as romantic as *les toits de Paris.*

ALL this oleander and crêpe myrtle is not to say that New Orleans isn't moving in the same direction as the rest of the world's cities, and that is up. The latest projection is a seventy-two-story hotel to be called the Place Vendôme, which of course will have a mezzanine called the Rue de la Paix and a two-tiered lobby with replicas of the Colonne Vendôme. For poetic purposes the thoroughfare in front of the proposed hotel, now called O'Keefe Avenue—*that* obviously wouldn't do—is being changed to the Rue de Rivoli, the Paris boulevard that gives access to the Place Vendôme. Other sidewalks around the building are to be called the Avenue de l'Opéra, Boulevard de la Madeleine, and Boulevard des Capucines. The management has prepared an elaborate brochure, complete with a long-playing record, and it describes in voluptuous detail what is in store. "To lend the ultimate flavor of Paris each room and suite is designed with access to a private balcon (balcony) from which the rooftops of a great metropolis tracing its ancient origins to the French Capital may be viewed by day or night." Well, there is a lot more, but I won't try you with it. Who knows? Maybe it will never happen after all.

—HORACE SUTTON.



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First of the Month

Continued from page 8

ing to make a steady income." "That," said Joan, "is the most architectural thing I've ever heard."

That was all there was. But, as we said, it was a terrific show. Thank you, Joan and John, for your beautiful talent.

• • •

Finally, our nomination for oblivion this month goes to Mr. George Alpaugh, Chief of the Bureau of Wildlife Management of the Fish and Game Department—under the Conservation Department, mind you—of the sovereign State of New Jersey. Mr. Alpaugh, incredibly enough, is attempting to interest more young people in trapping—as one alternative, he says, to juvenile delinquency. Trapping, he announced, is a much safer sport than hunting, and "there is still the thrill of the catch." Noting that trapping has changed in the past few years from being a "revenue sport" to an "enjoyment sport," Mr. Alpaugh said that he believed it would be an educational adventure for the kids since it would, he said, "bring them in closer contact with nature." In order to bring Mr. Alpaugh himself in closer contact with nature, we quote for his edification, if education is impossible, the poem "To a Fur Scarf," by Mr. F. F. Van der Water:

The trap jaws clanked and held him fast
None marked his fright, none heard his cries.
His struggles ceased; he lay at last
With wide uncomprehending eyes
And watched the sky grow dark above
And watched the sunset turn to grey;
And quaked in anguish while he strove
To gnaw the prisoned leg away.
Then day came rosy from the East,
But still those steel jaws kept their hold;
And no one watched the prisoned beast
But Fear and Hunger, Thirst and Cold.
Oppressed by pain his dread grew numb.
Fright no more stirred his flagging breath.
He longed in vain to see him come.
The cruel biped, bringing death.
Then through the gloom that night came One
Who set the timid spirit free:
"I know thine anguish, little son—
So once men trapped and tortured Me."

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(Continued on page 60)

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PERSONALS

(Continued from page 59)

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(Continued on page 62)

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VACATIONS

(Continued from page 61)

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By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Substance.	174 190 161 6 160 12
B. Third son of Genghis Khan, who plundered Moscow, destroyed Kiev, overran Poland and Hungary, in attempt to organize his father's vast conquests (one of three sp.).	37 76 113 134 58
C. Tremulous.	61 46 118 186 95 20 71
D. Long, slender parts, esp. when cylindrical.	89 57 24 146 28 139
E. Deprive of sound judgment.	181 51 106 127 7 147 199 40 190
F. Consanguinity.	49 136 81 188 162 112 141
G. Science treating of certain creatures, which "look as if they were cut in two."	14 172 189 103 38 132 4 142 35 1..
H. Platform for public speaking.	210 152 36 126 110 74 77
I. Lacking the usual excitement upon success or good fortune.	62 105 183 197 211 114 55 144 15..
J. Distribute into classes of like kind.	78 101 191 154 130 56
K. A bower.	198 94 9 52 182 148 149
L. Ectad.	47 168 86 203 175 98 212
M. Romantic adventures (2 wds.)	135 63 84 54 32 50 108 163

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. Acts upon by sorcery.	117 104 125 206 11 75 31 44
O. Whom some muskets contrive to kick over, acc'g to Trumbull's *Fingal*, 1782.	185 208 133 3 30 150
P. Hookah.	34 18 169 176 2 102 116 8
Q. State whose capital is Shillong.	202 10 131 158 42
R. Not in the least.	200 109 143 87 33 16
S. Ornamental cloth hung back of the altar.	21 209 91 100 107 122
T. Exposure to death, loss, or injury.	65 124 73 97 171 25 201 53
U. Persistent in adherence to an opinion, purpose, or course.	193 115 194 151 41 70 179 167 13
V. Jane Austen describes this trait of Mrs. Bennet's as "her usual querulous."	67 39 145 121 157 60 137 26
W. One able to give an account of what he has seen.	165 138 43 195 156 180 79 85 45 184
X. Confusing or tedious copiousness of detail.	128 17 140 82 88 96 177 159 72
Y. Square cloth draped over the left shoulder and about the body of an ancient Greek.	93 173 155 29 1 90 19 119
Z. Not disposed of by will.	80 23 68 129 27 120 187 205 204
Z^1. Penultimate (3 wds.)	166 99 15 64 92 83 123 69 59 192
Z^2. Of world-wide influence.	5 164 66 111 207 178 22 48

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second and Third Editions.

							1 Y	2 P	3 O		4 G	5 Z^2	6 A	7 E	8 P	9 K	10 Q								
	11 N	12 A	13 U		14 G	15 Z^1	16 R	17 X	18 P	19 Y	20 C	21 S	22 Z^2	23 Z	24 D	25 T	26 V								
	27 Z	28 D	29 Y	30 O	31 N	32 M	33 R	34 P	35 G		36 H	37 B	38 G	39 V	40 E	41 U	42 Q								
43 W	44 N		45 W	46 C	47 L	48 Z^2	49 F	50 M	51 E	52 K		53 T	54 M	55 I		56 J	57 D								
58 B	59 Z^1		60 V	61 C		62 I	63 M	64 Z^1		65 T	66 Z^2	67 V	68 Z		69 Z^1	70 U	71 C								
	72 X	73 T	74 H	75 N	76 B		77 H	78 J	79 W		80 Z	81 F		82 X	83 Z^1	84 M	85 W								
	86 L	87 R	88 X	89 D		90 Y	91 S		92 Z^1	93 Y	94 K		95 C	96 X	97 T	98 L	99 Z^1								
100 S	101 J	102 P	103 G	104 N		105 I	106 E		107 S		108 M	109 R	110 H	111 Z^2	112 F	113 B	114 I								
115 U	116 P	117 N		118 C	119 Y	120 Z	121 V	122 S	123 Z^1	124 T	125 N	126 H		127 E		128 X	129 Z								
130 J	131 Q	132 G	133 O	134 B	135 M	136 F	137 V	138 W		139 D	140 X		141 F	142 G	143 R	144 I	145 V								
146 D	147 E	148 K		149 K	150 O		151 U	152 H		153 I	154 J	155 Y	156 W	157 V	158 Q	159 X	160 A								
	161 A	162 F	163 M		164 Z^2	165 W	166 Z^1	167 U	168 L	169 P	170 G		171 T	172 G		173 Y	174 A								
175 L	176 P	177 X	178 Z^2	179 U	180 W	181 E	182 K	183 I		184 W	185 O		186 C	187 Z	188 F	189 G									
190 A	191 J		192 Z^1	193 U		194 U	195 W	196 E	197 I	198 K		199 E	200 R	201 T		202 Q	203 L								
204 Z		205 Z	206 N	207 Z^2		208 O	209 S	210 H	211 I	212 L															

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 10 of this issue.

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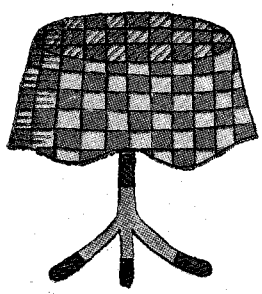
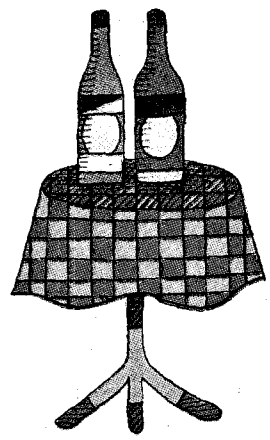
How to build

an authentic European sidewalk cafe

1. Place one small table outside



2. Add Cinzano French and Italian vermouth (What luck—Cinzano sells both in this country!)



3. Add a genuine European umbrella*

4. Add yourself and a friend

5. Add a curious policeman....

6. ...who'll make you take everything inside (good thing Cinzano tastes great anywhere!)

WHEN YOU MIX WITH CINZANO YOU MIX WITH THE BEST!

*Imported Cinzano Umbrella, Send $14.95 (check or money order) to: Munson G. Shaw Co., Import Plaza, Dept. A, P.O. Box 222, Harrison, N. J. / Munson G. Shaw Co. sole distributor U. S. A.

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